The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1906.

The Week.

Mr. Root talked at Buenos Ayres very like an anti-Imperialist and an old-time believer in republics, democracies, and self-government. He spoke with warmth and grace, and his praise of the Argentine Republic was thoroughly to the point. That country is justifying our American faith in the ability of peoples to govern themselves, precisely as the Filipinos will after they have had a fair chance; and citizens of the United States who follow South American affairs have taken great comfort in Argentina's remarkable prosperity. As an ambassador of good-will and friendship, no one could have done better than Mr. Root in all his speeches thus far. But, unfortunately for the practical side of his mission, his lips are sealed on one subject. He cannot hold out to South Americans a prospect of closer trade relations. He cannot say to them: "By means of reciprocity treaties and otherwise, we shall now seek to have close and mutually profitable business ties with you." He cannot forget, if he would, that McKinley and Hay, after negotiating a reciprocity treaty with the Argentine Government, were forced to see it rejected by the Senate, and that the bold Roosevelt has not had the stomach for a contest with the stand-patters, on this or any other subject.

And he has topped off his successful trip to Argentina with a more explicit adherence to the Drago Doctrine than this country had yet made. In all his addresses he has struck the tone suitable for his Latin-American audiences, contriving to be both florid, sincere, and dignified. If one were to seek the unique merit of his various addresses, it would be found in their freedom from condescension. He has nowhere talked down to the South Americans, or admonished them as to their racial shortcomings, but throughout has treated them as equals of the United States. This was, to be sure, an obvious counsel of good breeding; but in view of previous dealings with South America, Mr. Root's course evinces positive originality. To assure these sister republics that, with all their faults, we love them still—to advertise them in our state papers as *enfants terribles*—is not precisely the way to win their abiding affection. Mr. Root is to be heartily congratulated upon rejecting the old formulas and following his instincts as a gentleman.

A victory, said Wellington, speaking of the miseries of war, is only less terrible than a defeat; but last week's "Odell Victory" in the Republican State Committee is of a sort more disastrous to the party than any defeat. It shows that the Republican organization in New York—the President's State—is not only torn into factions, but is made a prey of by disreputable bosses using unscrupulous means. The long plotting by which the discredited and hated Odell, combining with the discredited and despised Platt, succeeded in retaining control of the State Committee, may be fun for the bosses, but it is death to the party. Such proceedings will dispose thousands of Republicans to forswear allegiance to a political organization that is now simply competed for by wreckers. And even if Gov. Higgins's friends had succeeded in defeating Odell by a vote or two, the result could have been little inspiring. A party that could be saved by a parcel of State officeholders, headed by Aldridge and Hendricks, would already be beyond saving. As for the Governor's own attitude, it seems to become more pitiful every day. Too timid to fight and too uncertain of himself even to run away, his course has both amused his enemies and disgusted those who try to be his friends. His telegram commenting on his own rebuff by Odell—that it has his "hearty approval" if it "proves to be in the interest of the Republican party"—certainly touches low-water mark for bathos and ineptitude. But the party all around is at low-water mark.

The resulting Democratic opportunity is magnificent. Never was there a finer chance to break the Republican hold on New York. A feeling akin to nausea pervades the people of the State as they contemplate the performances of the Republican bosses, big and little. Indeed, so strong is the contempt and anger aroused by the goings on of the party machine, so deep is the resentment at the complacent weakness of Higgins, that a "desire to punish" is reported as becoming more intense each day in all parts of the State. If the Democrats were to present a strong and clean candidate, on a sound platform, their triumph at the polls would be conceded by every impartial political observer. This is the situation which makes the call for Jerome so significant. There is a general sense that he could fire the party and inspire a campaign as could no other man in the public gaze. There is, to be sure, the Hearst menace, or diversion, or whatever it may be called. It plainly constitutes the only hope of the Republicans. But for Hearst, they would go into the struggle confessing defeat in advance. But if the follies and vices of the Hearst movement have to be exposed and fought, who so well fitted for that work as Jerome? With him as Democratic nominee, we should have a leader whose fearless tongue would give us such just but blistering characterizations of Hearst and his motives as would make for the public well-being.

The Texas Democrats nominated their State candidates last week in their first trial of the new primary-convention law. Even before the convention was held, the press of the State was practically a unit in favor of the amendment, and especially the simplification, of this remarkable statute. The feature of it which most invites comment is its unique provision for preventing mere plurality nominations. The adoption of the direct primary in Wisconsin, Oregon, and Mississippi has meant the entire abandonment of the nominating convention. In Texas, however, the framers of the law devised an ingenious combination of the two methods of selecting candidates. The people vote on primary day for the candidates themselves, of whom there were four this year in Texas. Each county, meanwhile, has been allotted a certain number of votes in the convention. Suppose that in a county entitled to five convention votes there are 1,000 ballots actually cast in the primary; then 200 votes for a particular candidate will have the effect of peremptory instructions upon one delegate, 400 votes upon two delegates, and so on. The first ballot in convention is, in effect, merely a return of the vote in the primary. In this instance, it stood: Campbell 212½, Colquitt 169½, Bell 164½, and Brooks 155½. No one having a majority, the lowest candidate, Brooks, was eliminated. His delegates, except as some of them may have been instructed in the primary for the second or third ballots, were free to use their own judgment, and enough of them went to Campbell to nominate him. If they had not, Bell, the next lowest candidate, would have been dropped, and the same process repeated.

The immediate objection to this plan is that it is too complicated; but the real question is whether it is possible to combine the features of the convention and the primary system. Every one would probably agree that it is well for a convention to meet with so many of the delegates instructed that the ballot merely records the will of the rank and file of the party. But it is a virtue of the convention that, when there is no such agreement in advance, it, or its

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leading spirits, can deliberate—or dicker—until some acceptable man is agreed upon. There was a time when an election itself, if carried by a mere plurality, was not regarded as valid. That feeling still persists in regard to plurality nominations. In Louisiana or Mississippi, when the primary election develops a majority for nobody, a second primary is held between the leaders, just as, two generations ago, in many of the States, a second election would be held in case no candidate received more than half of the votes at the first. That is as troublesome and expensive as possible, but it is simple and easily understood. In practice, the tendency is to eliminate all but two candidates before primary day. The Wisconsin law now permits nomination by a plurality, but all the candidates for Governor, we believe, are in favor of changing this provision. La Follette wanted an expression of second choice on every primary ballot, substantially the plan suggested here some years ago by Daniel S. Remsen, but the Legislature would have none of it.

The Statehood fight, as regards Arizona and New Mexico, having been transferred to those Territories themselves, there appear to be surprisingly few indications of any active campaign. Indeed, if we take the news dispatches as the sole authority, the large majority of both parties in Arizona must be opposed to joint Statehood which, of course, would dispose definitely of the present chance for the admission of a forty-seventh State. Only 24 per cent. of the Democratic and 29 per cent. of the Republican Territorial Committeemen are said to be in favor of accepting the provisions of the law of 1906, as President Roosevelt so strongly advised. Whether this dogged persistency for separate Statehood is inspired by mining and railroad interests, as the champions of union always contended, or is an absolutely sincere manifestation of local patriotism, it has certainly been a wonderful demonstration. If Arizona wishes to remain a Territory on the chance of finding some day a Congress ready to vote two new States, she has a perfect right to do so. But it has wisely been settled, we think, that the interests of the whole country are paramount over mere sympathy for a people who evidently want what they want very badly. If Arizona should develop to such an extent as fairly to justify Statehood alone, the new State would be welcomed with added cordiality for having so long displayed the courage of its convictions.

Neglect of small industries in the South is at last beginning to arouse the attention of farmers and the press. The Raleigh, N. C., *Progressive Farmer* recently printed a letter from an expert who protests against the habit of ignoring everything save cotton. It is "King Cotton" over again, in a fresh sense. True, new industries like mining, timbering, cotton manufacture, and the making of turpentine and rosin are steadily being expanded, but these involve large amounts of capital. The incidental opportunities of the man with an acre or two, who raises a few bales of cotton, are sadly neglected. Bee-culture, raising of silk worms, hay growing, and the production of seeds for Northern markets, the keeping of goats, the culture of pecan nuts—these are some of the valuable small industries to which the *Progressive Farmer's* expert calls attention. Moreover, near Raleigh he finds valuable water power going to waste, to say nothing of the folly of taking no advantage of the hard woods, white oak, hickory, and dogwood, with which the neighborhood is enriched without being aware of it. There are fields in sight of Raleigh, and we might add, of about every other Southern city, which have not been in cultivation for the last twenty-five years, and yet would make excellent truck farms. One difficulty is, of course, the laziness and indifference of the poor whites, with the uncertain labor of the blacks. Time and education are the remedies.

Formal acceptance of the new Pennsylvania State Capitol has drawn attention to the fact that it is one of the few important public buildings in the country which have been completed on time within the estimates. With the Library of Congress, conditions were unique; the work being under the almost absolute control of Gen. T. H. Casey of the War Department and Bernard R. Green, who were vested by special act of Congress with unusual powers. The new Pennsylvania Statehouse was provided for by the Legislature of 1901. The appropriation was $4,000,000. Of this amount, Mr. Joseph M. Huston, the architect, will turn back some $40,000 into the State Treasury. Ground was broken November 7, 1901, and on October 4, 1906, the building will be dedicated. That this unusual record was made with no sacrifice of æsthetics, is indicated by the fact that $430,000 was expended for statuary and mural decoration—to say nothing of the famous animated busts of Pennsylvania "types" on the bronze doors.

It is a fine thing to be a Government employee; it is a fine thing to be a union man. When one is both at once, felicity can no further go. Therefore, the whole country shared in the sense of outrage when a cold and brutal foreman ordered a union binder in the Government bindery to do some extra work. Apparently, there was some obsolete United States statute which authorized him to give the order; but there was also a union-made restriction on the maximum amount of work which any one man should do. Much the same situation existed, therefore, as if the resolution of some remote board of village trustees should come in conflict with the Constitution, or our treaty with Great Britain. What makes the matter worse is the fact that Acting Foreman Ashton, who issued the latest extra-work order, was the man who caused the removal, only three years ago, of the assistant foreman of printing over the open-shop issue. If he is allowed to continue much longer in his mad course, we shall presently find the heresy spreading that the Government Printing Office exists to turn out work, and not to create easy and remunerative jobs.

The Pope's encyclical is a flat declination to accept the terms of the French Separation Act. The actual issue concerns parish administration. The law requires that a "cult association," virtually a board of trustees, shall be established in each parish. This board is made responsible for the maintenance of worship and in general for all the actions of the church. Of these committees, which, of course, have no standing in canon law, the Pope says, "they cannot be formed without a violation of the sacred rights which are the life itself of the Church." Very serious consequences must follow this decision. In every parish in France the faithful will be subject to ejectment from the churches. The Pope's encyclical leaves every commune free to apply the resources of recalcitrant churches to the poor fund, hospitals, and the like. A wholesale exercise of this right would in certain regions, especially Brittany, come near to provoking a revolution. But the law has wisely retarded the march of confiscation by requiring in every case a decree of court. The hope of Pius X. must be that the enforcement of the act will make so much trouble that the Government will be led to adopt amendments acceptable to the Church. The encyclical, indeed, contains a hint that the passive resistance enjoined upon French Catholics is tactical in character. Still, we hardly expect to see M. Sarrien or any successor in the near future go to Canossa.

The German Emperor's severe criticisms of the press of his country, as detailed by the great chocolate manufacturer, M. Menier, in a Parisian interview, have naturally given deep offence to the profession. Columns upon columns of criticism of his criticism have filled the German newspapers. The Emperor is reported to have declared that journalists of twenty-two, writing with an anonymous pen, are capable of disturbing the world. Editors are lacking

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in a sense of responsibility; they have pursued no prescribed course of study, and passed no State examination such as is required in other regular professions. The Berlin *Nation* slyly quotes the Paris *Matin's* remark that, if it is true that editors pass no examinations, neither do kings and emperors. The King of Spain, for instance, was much younger than twenty-two when the destinies of the Spanish people were placed in his hands; and the Great Elector of Brandenburg was but twenty-one, when, unexamined, he laid the foundations for Prussia's greatness. It might be asked, too, whether rulers like the Czar have developed sufficient sense of responsibility. The Berlin *Tageblatt* fears that the Emperor has made the error of thinking that the opposition to his policies of a large portion of the press is only to be defined as irresponsible conduct. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* thinks that William's attitude towards the press is merely that of many another: "He complains of it when he is angry with it, praises it when it pleases him, and knows how to use it when he needs it."

The hatred of the people of Warsaw for the Governor-General and his chief of police is largely explained by their having the right to punish, without trial, any person whom they think politically untrustworthy. This is the statement made in a letter from Count Tyszkiewicz, leader of the Polish Nationalists, to Prince Mirsky. It was written in 1905, with the understanding that it would be laid before the Czar, and it is therefore an accurate summary of the wrongs of Poland and the desires of her people. A translation of this document has just appeared in the London *Tribune*, and the list of grievances it contains is long. Primarily, Poland protests against the process of Russification to which she is subjected, then against the persecution of the Catholics. No less than 87,994 families, it is declared, suffered severely in 1899 "because they endeavor to maintain the sacred religion of their forefathers and keep their consciences clean." The Polish Catholic clergy has to submit to the same passport laws applicable to persons under police supervision; many of their churches have been closed, while new ones may not be erected. Even the children do not escape:

> The obligatory application of the Russian language to almost every circle of public life shows its destructive effects, especially upon young children who are obliged to express their thoughts in a foreign tongue, thus delaying and restricting their mental development. The schools in such circumstances tend to wipe out national individuality, to warp the thoughts and the hearts of the young, and to force them to grow up in an atmosphere of passive revolt, falsehood, and hypocrisy.

If only the "exceptional laws" for Poland could be repealed, Count Tyszkiewicz declared, his people would "move forward in steady and peaceful progress." His appeal received no attention, and the lot of Poland has grown so steadily worse that now, after a year and a half, there is open anarchy in Warsaw. The Nationalist party has been compelled in the interim to become one of action, and terrorism is epidemic. Despite their name, the Nationalists are not at the moment agitating for separation from Russia. They are apparently perfectly willing to remain under the control of the Czar, if he will but give them rights as a State within the Empire and as individuals within the State. Here are their main desires, in briefest form:

> (1.) The free use of the Polish language in the schools, the law courts, and in all Government and public institutions.
>
> (2.) The employment of Poles in Government and public posts.
>
> (3.) Local self-government in both towns and rural districts.
>
> (4.) The restitution of the rights of the Roman Catholic Church, and full liberty to the subject to profess what form of religion he chooses.

A wise and farsighted ruler would think the pacification of Poland cheap at the price. Instead, there comes the slaughter of policemen on every corner in Poland's capital, the order of Gen. Kaulbars to military officers not to go on the street, lest they be murdered, with perhaps greater terrors to follow.

There is something pathetic in the spirit in which emissaries of the Russian revolution have come among us, and the different spirit in which they have departed. Before sailing for Europe, Gregory Maxime summed up his impressions of this country as follows: "In America, where the people enjoy so much liberty, the standard of civilization and culture is on a much lower plane than in Russia. Americans know nothing of idealism. The question the American always asks is, 'How much?'" Other Russian radicals have left on record similar opinions, the justice of which is not of so much importance as the fact that they should be such bitterly unfavorable opinions. They cannot be due simply to disappointment. If Gorky's mission had proved completely successful, his views of us would not have been very different from what they are. The great majority of this country, on the other hand, would have regarded him with mixed feelings—with admiration as an artist and champion of liberty, and with puzzled distrust as a theoretical anarchist.

So the anomaly remains. Here is a country endowed with land and liberty, with a democratic form of government, with freedom of speech and the press, with exemption from oppressive military burdens. In Russia, the revolutionaries are staking their lives to conquer the same blessings for the people; and yet—they don't like us. The reason may possibly be found in the predominantly "intellectual" nature of the Russian revolutionary movement. In the new Russia which is to be, the people will enjoy not only the material advantages which we have, but also the fine flavor of culture, the idealism, which are now the possession of a comparatively small number. That culture is perfectly compatible with absolute equality, the leaders of the revolution take for granted. That in a democratic Russia, idealism, after our own example, would disappear, they will not admit. Every one will vote, but principles will not give way to interests. The peasant and the proletarian are to shoulder their way into street cars, cafés and halls of assembly, but manners are to remain urbane. The *mujiks* will read the newspapers, but there will be no yellow press. They will invade the theatre, but Ibsen will reign there, and not musical comedy. An intelligent Russian revolutionary once privately laid down the thesis that in culture the Russian peasant is immeasurably the superior of the American farmer. Putting aside the mere question of competency for judgment in a stranger who had studied the American farmer in his natural habitat southeast of Union Square, some one asked for a statement of just what ideals the peasant acknowledged that were superior to our deified dollar. The answer was: "Why, they may be crude and indefensible ideals, but they are nevertheless there; unselfish and spontaneous and therefore exalted, as, for instance—the Czar or the Holy Orthodox Church!"

That all is not going well in Korea, under Japanese protection, is grudgingly admitted by the Tokio correspondent of the London *Times*. The facts, as he states them, are not essentially different from the account of the Tokio correspondent of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, who asserts that Korea is practically falling into open revolt. Insurrection is rampant. There are numerous skirmishes and sieges of towns. The centre of the uprising is in the province of Chyung-Chyöng, on the western coast, an inaccessible mountainous region. The town of Hong-tju was occupied by the insurgents, on account of the large stores of ammunition and arms in the place. Several times the troops sent to reduce it were repulsed. At last the Japanese concentrated a force sufficient to carry the town with great slaughter. Similar uprisings are reported in many of the Korean provinces, the whole country approximating a state of guerrilla warfare.

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FLAT-FOOTED MR. CANNON.

"Fortune does not favor men of our years," said Louis XIV. to Marshal Villeroy, after the battle of Ramillies. Despondent Louis was then not quite seventy, and did not foresee that an American would arise to prove his maxim false. Youth will be served, indeed! Speaker Cannon, a likely young fellow turned seventy, has steadily risen in popularity as he has risen in age. The formal launching of his Presidential candidacy in Illinois last week is but the culmination of that good fortune which, in defiance of French proverbs and the sour sayings of the Ecclesiast, has steadily increased with his years. We do not mean that he is to be taken too seriously as a candidate; but the universal feeling of amused kindliness for a gallant veteran, with a sort of diffused personal interest in the quaint and frank character of the man, is a more striking tribute than the bestowal of many offices.

In his recent speech at Danville, some of Uncle Joe's most engaging qualities were revealed again. His downright and square-cut ways are in refreshing contrast with the tricking facilities of the ordinary politician. On the tariff, Mr. Cannon is positively delightful. Here, at any rate, is one sincere believer in it as the source of every blessing. Others may hedge and blush and hem and haw, but your Uncle Joe roundly tells you that "since the enactment of the first revenue law under Washington down to the present time, the periods of prosperity have been under protection, and the periods of adversity have been under the policy of free trade or tariff for revenue only." This, of course, he devoutly believes. Some protectionist orators, or historians like Blaine, will admit that the country was fairly thriving and progressive under the low tariff of 1846-57. Of course, they try to explain the fact away. They will say, with Horace Greeley, that it was only "a factitious but seductive semblance of prosperity." But no such doubts or shifts for Uncle Joe. He lays down his "platform facts," that a high tariff is always and in all ways beneficent, and a revenue tariff ever and in all places a curse, without a quaver or qualification. He believes this just as an old farmer believes that if he hangs a horseshoe on his apple tree at Christmas, he insures a good crop in October. "It may sound queer, but I've tried it too often not to know that it is so." All the tariff part of Mr. Cannon's happy speech was marked by this charming simplicity. One has not the heart to challenge any of his statements made in such unwinking good faith. This was the perfunctory and expected feature of his address. He always preaches tariff that way. We suppose that the innocent Vermilion County farmers who heard him imitated their Yorkshire brother by saying:

> I niver knaw'd whot a mean'd, but
> I thowt a 'ad summut to saay,
> An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a
> said, and I coom'd awaay.

What will truly interest the country in Mr. Cannon's position is the direct and manly way in which he met the pretensions of the Federation of Labor. To its demands, he applied the old-fashioned method of giving a plain answer to a plain question. Alluding to the class legislation asked for arrogantly in the name of labor, and known as the anti-injunction bill, the Speaker first properly characterized it, and then said flatly, "I am not in favor of this legislation demanded by Mr. Gompers," and then clinched the nail by adding, "I will be at all times opposed to this legislation." Surely a fine old gentleman, who says it is too late for him to learn to quibble or stoop or truckle! It might be well if some other public men would make haste and grow old along with this Rabbi Ben Ezra of ours, provided that the process would stiffen their vertebræ a little. There has been a vast amount of ducking and wabbling in connection with this anti-injunction bill. President Roosevelt himself, commendable as was his plain speaking to the labor delegates last winter, has not taken a clear position in regard to this demand of organized labor. He could not bring himself to favor it, yet he would not condemn it, and looked about for his customary compromise. Congressman Littlefield, whose minority report from the Judiciary Committee of the Fifty-seventh Congress did much to put the matter in its true light, has not been dismayed by labor threats, any more than Speaker Cannon, though he, too, has been marked for political destruction by Mr. Gompers. Doubtless he is willing to say with Uncle Joe that he is ready to take his chances at the ballot-box with the real laboring men of the country, as against those whose votes Mr. Gompers professes to be able to control.

This is the aspect of Mr. Cannon's campaign the present year which promises to be most significant. He is to speak for Mr. Littlefield, principally, of course, to show that he despises the threats of the labor leaders. The sound doctrine of equal rights for all he will doubtless write on his banner in the other places where he is to be seen. His course, in this respect, and its political results, it will be most important to study. If he stands pat on the tariff, he also stands pat on equity and the principles of law and justice older than the Constitution and underlying it. For that kind of stand-patter the country has urgent need, and may well admire and applaud one of that rare breed among politicians, when it is lucky enough to find him.

MAKING FRIENDS WITH "ABROAD."

The Paris *Temps* has seriously offered a novel explanation of Mr. Bryan's Odyssey. We are told that this twice-beaten candidate has found an ingenious way to rehabilitate himself by a subtle appeal to American vanity. We all of us have an extreme sensitiveness to the opinion of the Old World; we exult immeasurably in the notoriety of Mr. Roosevelt; we regard as paid to our nation and to ourselves individually the honors and courtesies so lavishly showered upon the editor of the *Commoner*. Mr. Bryan has been astute enough to personify the adulation of Europe for the giant Republic. So in substance the *Temps*. Without going the whole way with our Parisian contemporary—for there are Americans who regard the European vogue of Mr. Roosevelt with amaze; and there are some millions of us to whom the opinion of Europe is remote as the canals of Mars—Mr. Bryan's foreign feats mark a fairly revolutionary change of sentiment. The tribune of the toiling masses, the stern accuser of plutocracy, consorts with the great of the earth, breaks the bread of royalty—and all this unrebuked, without in the slightest degree diminishing his acceptability as a popular candidate.

Now, whether or not this evinces an enormous growth in snobbishness among Americans, it certainly testifies to an entirely new attitude. Only look back a few years and imagine Samuel J. Tilden putting his legs under royal mahogany to improve his chances; those legs would assuredly never have served him again for political purposes. Every one remembers that Lowell, Phelps, Bayard, and even John Hay were roundly berated for no other reason than that they did not make themselves offensive to the court to which they were accredited. For a matter of twenty years, no Presidential election passed without the dread that from the overflowing coffers of the Cobden Club, "British gold" in enormous quantities would be poured in to swamp our prosperity and republic together. The watchword of the period was, "What have we to do with abroad?"

Well, we have learned that we have various things to do with it. Expanding trade has taught us something; the auspicious appearance of our Government in the diplomacy of the world has perhaps taught us more. The growing habit of European travel has shown that "abroad" regards us with no malevolence, at least, but with curiosity not unmixed with dismay and admiration. Beyond this, scholarship and art have gradually established very substantial bonds between the intellectual élite of both worlds. It would be foolish to exaggerate the extent of such cordial understandings—in fact, any genuine comity between nations is rather based on

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perceiving and accepting real differences than on ignoring them; but it is clear that the old suspiciousness and hostility towards Europe have largely abated. It still pleases a certain type of Jingo to knit his brows over the devilish plots of the Kaiser, but, generally speaking, there is no political or personal capital to be made to-day by abusing any potentate of Europe—not excepting the obviously vulnerable Czar.

The suddenness of the change is so surprising as to suggest that the traditional detestation of "abroad" was less ominous than it seemed. As a matter of fact, the improvement in our national manners is in a very evident relation to the disappearance of the "Irish vote" from politics. It was possibly not an actual hatred of perfidious Albion, but a sense of an Irish-American balance of power that set our aspiring politicians to twisting the tail of the British lion whenever the unhappy beast was in evidence. Everybody took a hand, but naturally it was the Irish Republicans who excelled at this pastime. Patrick Egan outdid O'Donovan Rossa in caudal feats; Blaine commanded a fine diplomatic torsion by way of the fisheries disputes. And all this pretty comedy was played for the better entertainment of the Terrys and Mikes who were political powers in their respective districts. To-day the Irish vote, old style, has gone the way of the Barnburners and Locofocoes. Whoever would conciliate the Italian, Jewish, Greek, Polish, Finnish, Scandinavian votes, and whatever others there be, must be prepared to reckon with every monarch in Europe; and even the political intellect is staggered to find a formula that will please all hands. Crowned heads have lost practical significance, and the most robust politician wouldn't shy a billet at the most conspicuous of them. We shall have "votes" enough and to spare, but never again the fine, free way with the international cudgels.

As sensible men, we must accept what remains. There is compensation for the past in the fact that the domestic octopus has eight available members where the lion had but one. It is probable that the great mass of quiet people take just about as much or little interest in foreign matters as they did twenty years ago. In any case, such satisfaction as they may find in seeing a man of the people standing honorably before kings does them no discredit. And politics is likely to be a more possible occupation for a gentleman when foreign travel and associations require no apology. If the *Temps* wishes to be convinced that the interest in Mr. Bryan's universally good reception is not merely snobbish, let it inquire as to the effect of the equally distinguished hospitalities extended to that estimable young couple, the Longworths. That they caused emotion in this country, is doubtless true, but it was not one of exultation.

THE UNION PACIFIC AFFAIR.

There has been enough confusion, in current discussion of the Union Pacific Railway's new dividend policy, to make advisable a thorough review of the circumstances. Ordinarily, it would strike an uninformed observer somewhat oddly to see an increase in a great railway's dividend rate received with a storm of protest and denunciation. No one asserts that the dividend was paid out of capital; enough was earned in the year's operations to provide for dividends at last week's rate, without trenching even on previously accumulated surplus. It would be quite in order for such an observer to ask why the directors' action, in marking up that rate from 6 to 10 per cent. per annum, should be subject to unsparing criticism.

The Union Pacific Railroad has been almost exactly nine years out of bankruptcy. Its financial collapse in 1893 had resulted from three causes: reaction in trade from the prosperity which had led, a dozen years before, to exaggerated hopes of the company's future; heaping-up of debt at a rate which far "over-discounted" that future, and payment to shareholders, in high dividends, of money much of which ought to have been re-invested in improvements. The financial reorganization of 1897 cut down very heavily the company's fixed charges, but increased the capital stock by $75,000,000. It has since grown $163,000,000 larger. The new common stock was regarded mainly as a "bonus" to reconcile old security-holders to the reorganization; it was so poorly esteemed that at the time it sold for 15 cents on the dollar.

It is true that in the hands of a very competent management the new company prospered; eventually, it got the benefit of the extraordinary "boom" in Western trade which has marked the past six years. The new managers met this situation with admirable conservatism; despite the suddenly increased earnings, they paid no dividends on even the new preferred stock until 1898, and none on the common shares until 1900, and for five years thereafter they kept the common stock dividend at the relatively moderate rate of 4 per cent. The surplus over this dividend was put back into the property—a fortunate policy in more ways than one. In nearly all annual reports of the company's president, continuance of this policy was foreshadowed, both on the Union Pacific and on the lines controlled by it.

With the marked swelling of Western prosperity, as a result of the great harvests of 1905, common stock dividends were increased last October to a 5 per cent. annual rate, and last April to 6. This was a reasonably rapid increase; but the management's previous conservatism had been such that the advance was readily approved. It was even admitted that the exceptional harvest prospects of this season might warrant further increase—preferably, however, in the form of an extra dividend, which should arouse no exaggerated ideas regarding the future. Instead of taking such action; instead even of putting the common stock on a 7 per cent. basis—the highest rate now paid by any transcontinental railway—Union Pacific directors last week announced 5 per cent. for the half-year dividend, and proceeded to give out statements to the effect that this dividend might be regarded as permanent, thus putting the common stock on a 10 per cent. annual basis. Instead of paying out $4,300,000 to common shareholders, as in 1904, the directors propose to pay out $20,000,000. Part of this increase, though only a small part, is derived from dividends, simultaneously declared by virtually the same officers, on Southern Pacific stock, of which Union Pacific owns one-half; yet it is this very Southern Pacific of which Mr. Harriman, president both of that company and of Union Pacific, said, in concluding his annual report last autumn, "In view of the large expenditures required, . . . as well as to strengthen the company pending the effect of the aggressive building of competitive lines which are being projected into the territory served by these lines, it is important to hold in reserve and carefully husband the resources of the company." The same words might have been used of Union Pacific also. Its situation, as regards both new construction and prospective competition, is exactly similar.

Such conditions did not bar a prudent and gradual addition to the dividend; but they render such sudden abandonment of previous policy repugnant to all sound finance. When to this all but unprecedented increase in a dividend is added, from official sources, assurances that "the maintenance of these rates seems easily within the capacity of the properties"—it has to be conceded that the management has broken with its long-maintained policy of conservatism. Where, in the past they were regarded as an example to other railway boards, they have now set a pattern of recklessness. Their conduct is equivalent to serving notice to the world at large that business reactions, trade depression, and severe curtailment of railway profits, are, in their opinion, no longer to be expected.

Such is the attitude which accompanies a dividend increase that would almost certainly not have been made at all but for the wholly unexpected results of this season's harvests. That the management itself takes its assertions as to the future seriously, we do

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not imagine for a moment. Unfortunately, there are plenty of other people who will take them so, and the Union Pacific directorate has itself to blame if the whole financial community is to-day accusing it of a huge stock-jobbing operation. Nor does it seem to us that such charges, even if backed only by circumstantial evidence, ought to be overlooked, any more than they were in the days of Fisk and Gould. Much has been written, these past few days, of the impropriety of directors speculating in the stock of their own companies. We greatly fear that the ethical side of the matter will not deeply impress our "practical men" of Wall Street, who have grown used, in recent years, to seeing pillars of the church using insurance trust funds to support their own "underwriting syndicates," and reputable bankers lending the benefit of their names to promoting schemes not far from swindling.

But even if ethics be ignored, an extremely practical question remains; it is, whether directors who speculate in order to get the benefit of a dividend policy on which they alone decide, can be trusted not to fix such a dividend policy as will favor their speculations. We regret to have to say that some at least of Union Pacific's directors are not above this suspicion. The two directors of the Amalgamated Copper Company in whose behalf, in 1901, a notorious stock-manipulator marketed $22,000,000 Amalgamated Copper stock—the transaction is a matter of public knowledge—were engaged at the time in so handling the company's finances as to delude the whole public into the idea that the high dividends paid were warranted. When the directors' stock had been marketed, the pretence was dropped, and the dividends fell. These two men are members of the Union Pacific board; their presence there, with Mr. Harriman in the presidency, is enough at least to excuse this week's insinuations. Under the circumstances, it seems to us that men of unblemished reputation who also sit in the Union Pacific directory, ought themselves to be personally heard from in the matter.

A NORTH CAROLINA UPRISING.

There is in North Carolina an uprising of the press, the State officials, and law-abiding citizens generally, against Judge Lynch. Not within our memory has there been such plain talking in the South about mob law. No section of the Northern press has ever spoken out more strongly on this subject than our North and South Carolina contemporaries in regard to the triple lynching at Salisbury last week. It is universally regarded as a disgrace to the State; where the usual excuses are offered, they are indignantly repudiated. Indeed, no one can read the press of North Carolina without feeling that the white South is at last realizing that lynching is no deterrent of crime, and that its sole effect is to demoralize and brutalize all who take part.

There are special reasons why press and public should feel outraged over the Salisbury lynching. The five negro prisoners were securely in jail; their trial had begun before a judge for whose election the people of Salisbury had voted not once but several times, and no one entertained any doubt of their conviction. The troops did have ball cartridges—not blanks, as at first reported—but were recreant to their duty. The officials of the jail deemed their work done after firing one or two shots into the mob and wounding one of its members—not an innocent bystander, as was announced. As the *News and Observer* puts it, "the more that is known of the crime the blacker it becomes, and the more certain it is that the crime might have been averted if the military, the sheriff, and the deputies had fired into the leaders of the mob." J. M. Julian, the editor of the Salisbury *Evening Post*, who bravely went into the mob to plead for the law, declares that no sudden passion, but a fixed determination to kill, actuated its members, who had no regard for legal processes. He adds: "It was all wrong. That the negroes who were lynched would have been convicted seemed certain. We realize that this is not the popular view, but it is the only right way of looking at the matter. The time will come, if it is not already at hand, when all the county will pay the penalty that inevitably follows contempt for the law."

It is to the Charlotte *Observer* that we turn for the strongest and bravest words about the State's disgrace:

> Lynch law is on the increase in North Carolina. There is no negro vote, no negro legislation now; but there is a growing disrespect, not to say contempt, on the part of the white people for the laws which they themselves make. The mob hoots and jeers senators, judges, and other officers, whom it helped to elect, when they get up before it to expostulate with it and pray of it to observe the laws which it helped to frame. There must be an end to this, or worse days will come. Tufts of grass have been thrown at lynchers to no effect and volleys have been fired over their heads without result. When a North Carolina mob is fired into by deputies or the military, and a dozen or fifteen of the law-breakers are killed, there will be an instant end to mob law in the State. The longer the appreciation of the remedy is delayed the faster the disease will spread. It should be applied to the next mob that thunders at the gates of a jail.

For the crime itself the Charlotte *Observer* has no words properly to characterize it. "No subterfuge will cover the case"; "it is an instance of wholly unjustifiable blood guiltiness"; "apology or excuse for it there is none." Its words are echoed and endorsed by the Wilmington *Messenger*, and the Raleigh *Evening Times* is not far behind; for it sees in the conviction of the leader, Hall, "cause for profound gratitude." The Raleigh *News and Observer* adds that "there are one hundred more who deserve to wear stripes for participation." Outside of the State, papers like the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* and the Columbia *State* are congratulating North Carolina not only on the conviction of Hall, but upon the possession of a brave judge and a right-minded Governor.

Only one newspaper of those which have come under our notice has disgraced itself by praising the mob. This unenviable distinction belongs to the Atlanta *News*, which dared to say of the negro murderers that, "Nothing short of the stake would have meted proper punishment to them for their awful crime, but the North Carolina patriots who handled that case had mercy upon them, and simply took them out and hanged them to trees and shot them to death." Commenting on this, the Raleigh *Evening Times* indignantly remarks:

> Every decent white man in North Carolina, every citizen who is not a bloodthirsty ruffian, will resent most bitterly the statement of the Atlanta *News* that the slayers of the Lyerly family were lynched by North Carolina patriots. The utterance is so astounding that we cannot let it pass over in silence. . . . The first man arrested for the crime of Monday night has served his time in the penitentiary. He comes from another State, he is a common thug, and yet he is held up to the gaze of the public as a patriot of North Carolina. God save the mark.

It adds that the writer has no right thus to slander a State "which has suffered enough already." The Raleigh *News*, another outspoken paper, is certain that the Salisbury crime was made possible by the recent miscarriage of justice at Monroe, where two lynchers were allowed to go free on the merest technicality. "These prisoners," says the *News*, "were received as heroes, fresh from a conquering war. Men fell upon their necks at Monroe and wept for sheer joy. On the way home, they had an ovation; Wadesboro, in fact, had a sort of celebration when they returned." Writing from Salisbury, W. G. Briggs, the staff correspondent of a North Carolina paper, declares that the sudden prosperity of the neglected poor-white class has added to its menace. He believes that the Salisbury mob would have lynched whites as readily as blacks, and reports that it was composed of ignorant, thoughtless, unrestrained people, "with whom North Carolina must deal at once."

Finally, we are glad to record that Judge Long and Gov. Glenn have received letters of praise from all over the South, as well as from the North. Law-

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yers and university men have united in lauding them for their patriotic stand against the lynchers. And the pulpit has not been lacking in plain speech.

THE GERMAN COLONIAL SCANDALS.

The report that the Prussian Minister of Agriculture, Von Podbielski, has been dismissed from office for his connection with the colonial scandals, will not come as a surprise to the German public. For some weeks past it has been evident that the Imperial Government could not long postpone a thoroughgoing housecleaning, much as it has so desired. Its colonial ventures have cost heavily in money and prestige, and now it must drain the cup of bitterness to the bottom and admit that it can no longer hold up its hands at American or English "grafting." The Prussian bureaucracy, justly famed for its integrity, if not always for its intelligence and enterprise, is now sadly besmirched. Yet the contamination is of colonial origin; the desire to get rich quickly out of the inferior races, whose destinies they controlled, seems to have brought about the downfall not only of Von Podbielski, but of others. Even more striking is the fact that the civil service rules seem to have been ignored. At least, it is charged, with considerable evidence in proof, that favoritism and the "pull" have done their deadly work here as elsewhere.

The recent financial collapse of the colonial administration was due to the Southwest African uprising and the failure to grasp its importance. A couple of million marks was the first war budget, and it was assumed that the triumphant march of troops from Germany through the revolted districts would be useful in stimulating popular interest in the colonies. When Bebel declared it would cost 50 millions of marks, he was denounced as extravagantly pessimistic. Now it is admitted that the war will cost several hundred millions, and the end is not yet in sight, though proclaimed as often as our own pacification of Samar, Leyte, and the Moro country. Gradually, the press and public discovered that the Colonial Bureau is hopelessly inefficient. Yet last winter, all rumors of corruption met with vigorous official denials. With the arrest at the end of July of Major Fischer, the chief of the clothing supply department of the Colonial Bureau, the Government confessed the existence of grave irregularities. Major Fischer's immediate superior, Col. Ohnesorg, found that his health required immediate treatment in a sanitarium, and the position of Von Podbielski became extremely critical.

It is a sordid enough bit of "grafting" which has now been uncovered. The firm of Von Tippelskirch & Co., in which at first Von Podbielski, and later his wife, had a large interest, entered into close relations with the Colonial Bureau in 1896. In 1903 it received a complete monopoly in the supplying of clothing and equipments for the troops and officials in various colonies. Its profits have been from 30 to 40 per cent. above the normal business reward; the net earnings in 1905 were declared in the Reichstag last winter to have been at least $500,000, on the basis of Government orders of two to two and one-half millions of dollars. This appalled the Reichstag, and it ordered a closer inspection of the product of the firm than Major Fischer had instituted. Gradually it appeared that, although Von Tippelskirch & Co. had pledged themselves to manufacture their supplies, they were practically middlemen, making on each pair of shoes $1.30 profit, and selling to the Government for $500 harness purchased by them for $225. Naturally, the members of the firm were loudest in their insistence that German honor demanded the suppression of the South African revolt—at any price.

Major Fischer being a very worthy officer—he had been dropped from the Prussian and Saxon armies for financial irregularities before 1880—Von Tippelskirch & Co. were naturally interested deeply in his affairs. When the concern learned seven years ago that, owing to a family affliction, he had got heavily into debt, they were so much troubled that, out of pure kindness of heart, they raised for the Government inspector of their products a sum generally believed to be $25,000. Von Tippelskirch has adroitly denied that the firm gave Fischer anything. He has admitted, however, that he advanced $1,000, and will not deny that the other members of the firm contributed the remaining $24,000. It is a curious coincidence that the year of these "loans," 1899, was the same in which the firm's Government contracts, originally made in 1896, were renewed. Herr von Tippelskirch omitted also, with genuine life-insurance forgetfulness, to mention that Fischer's Christmas in 1904 was made happy by a check for $500, in token of the firm's affectionate appreciation of his splendid character. Another little trifle which escaped Von Tippelskirch's memory was his "yellow-dog" fund of $5,000 for keeping the press contented and happy. In brief, this firm of contractors was quite as benevolent an institution in its way as any of our packing or insurance companies, or our manufacturers of army gloves and clothing. Even in "grafting" national boundaries now fail to mark distinctions.

There is, of course, nothing to be gained by asserting that this German scandal proves Americans not to be sinners above all. We should, rather, regret that the symptoms of governmental decadence are so widespread. Americans, however, ought to ponder well these Berlin revelations in connection with their own colonial policy. The Von Tippelskirch-Fischer incident is only a part of the indictment of the Colonial Bureau. Its officials have been proved to be in many instances corrupt, tyrannical, and brutal. The stories of atrocities, of abuse of prisoners, of the degradation of native women, of open immorality, pour in from all sides and from nearly every colony, the trial of the Governor of the Cameroons for gross abuses being a case in point. According to all the current theories, German colonization ought to have been a great success. It was the undertaking of a monarchy secure in its control of the Reichstag, with a splendid set of officials and a perfectly developed and safeguarded civil service. If, under these circumstances, there is not only failure, but waste, extravagance, and corruption, surely a democracy which has to reckon with time-serving politicians should avoid all such demoralizing ventures.

EXIT THE AMATEUR SCIENTIST.

Dr. E. Ray Lankester, in his presidential address before the British Association, noted and deplored a falling off in the popularity of science. Few now follow "general science and natural history" as a recreation. "The field naturalists among the squires and country parsons," he observed, "seem nowadays not to be so numerous and active in their delightful pursuits as formerly, and the mechanics' institutes and lecture societies of the days of Lord Brougham have given place, to a large extent, to musical performances, bioscopes, and other entertainments more diverting, but not really more capable of giving pleasure, than those in which science was popularized." Dr. Lankester finds the cause of our disinclination to scientific pursuits partly in the growth of specialization, but even more in the competition of cheap and almost mechanical entertainment. "No doubt," he says, "the organization and professional character of scientific work are to a large extent the cause of this falling off in its attraction for amateurs. But perhaps that decadence is also due in some measure to the increased general demand for a kind of manufactured gayety, readily sent out in these days of easy transport from the great centres of fashionable amusement to the provinces and rural districts."

The passing of the scientific amateur is due largely to the fact that science has become too difficult for him. In the good old days when physics was natural philosophy, and biology natural history, almost any one with a capacity for observation and the habit of carrying a notebook, might hope to make modest contributions to the classification of birds, plants, and minerals. It was the

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day when the country gentleman was very likely to have his "cabinet of curiosities," and missionaries were sending back to their colleges strange implements and utensils, representing the culture of virtually unknown races. It was a time of discovery, and almost anybody might have a share in the work—at least, might contribute a lively curiosity. Moreover, science then dealt in the palpable. The average man may collect fur, fin, and feather, and render a very accurate account of the superficial aspects of animal and plant life. In England, perhaps, such nature-study may be on the decline; here, if the publication and sale of nature manuals be any indication, there has been a decided revival of interest in outdoor pursuits. But nobody to-day presumes to call himself even an amateur scientist merely because he makes old-fashioned studies in natural history.

To-day, science has withdrawn into realms that are hardly understanded of the people. Biology means very largely histology, the study of the cell by difficult and elaborate microscopical processes. Chemistry has passed from the mixing of simple substances with ascertained reactions, to an experimentation on these processes under varying conditions of temperature, pressure, and electrification—all requiring complicated apparatus and the most delicate measurement and manipulation. Similarly, physics has outgrown the old formulas of gravity, magnetism, and pressure; has discarded the molecule and atom for the ion, and may in its recent generalizations be followed only by an expert in the higher, not to say the transcendental, mathematics. All this gives to scientific work what Dr. Lankester justly calls a severely "professional character." To-day, no layman may fairly hope to keep up, and all sorts of popularization meet with increasing difficulties. The well-meaning person who tries to "get up" any science will surely meet the fate of that judge who decided to renew his youthful studies in electricity. He went to the woods with an armful of books, but came back no wiser than before, the literature of the subject having become too abstruse for the lay intelligence. In short, one may say not that the average cultivated man has given up science, but that science has deserted him.

A further cause for the change is the mere familiarity of what used to be called "the wonders of science." In the boyhood of all but the youngest of us an air pump was a matter of curiosity; to-day our offices and apartments are cleaned by the vacuum process. We can recall when there was something awesome in the tiny spark of an electrical machine; now in rainy weather the discharge from the trolley slot illumines a whole street unnoticed, and our offspring amuse themselves with wireless telegraphy. The capacity for wonder has thus become jaded. It still exists, for it responded nobly to the sensational discovery of liquid air and the X-rays; but it requires some spectacular and rather valueless demonstration to give a fillip to the sated imagination of an age to which the marvellous has become the commonplace. When science serves us in our daily walk, we perforce assume towards it that impersonal attitude, that possibly inhuman lack of curiosity, with which we accept the daily ministrations of our butcher and baker.

If the appeal of science to naïve curiosity has greatly diminished, so also has its promise of an ultimate interpretation of nature. A generation or two ago men were sustained by what seemed a triumphant approach to final reality. They confused, to be sure, the mere accumulation of data with the far greater task of interpretation, but no one doubted that the explanation would be forthcoming. To-day science has assumed a more cautious and less hopeful tone. What we learned as ultimate principles in geology, astronomy, chemistry, and physics, only a few years ago, are to-day regarded as mere hypotheses, and partly discredited ones. In short, rightly or wrongly, the great scientists of the day proceed as if general theories were vanity, and the real work of science merely the accumulation of particular observations ever more accurate and minute. For this modesty, for this perhaps wise agnosticism, science should not be blamed; but inevitably the waiver of anything like a philosophical outcome diminishes the attraction of the subject for thoughtful outsiders.

Possibly a generation that has seen the demonstration of the germ theory and the discovery of radium is ungrateful to complain that science does not maintain so good a show as formerly; and yet one can hardly imagine that either bacteriology or radiology will ever become popular avocations. Indeed, the very magnitude of recent discovery baffles the unprofessional imagination and evades ordinary curiosity. We are content to let the masters work their white magic and profit by their lore, without profaning the mysterious precincts where the great discoveries are made. In fine, an age that as no other has utilized the practical applications of science seems in a large measure to take science itself for granted—to leave it contentedly to the large but special class of professional inventors and investigators.

We cannot agree with Dr. Lankester that this will necessarily diminish the study and enjoyment of visible nature. In fact, the asperity of science may have quite the other effect. People who have forgone the speculative and philosophical view of life, are very likely to be thrown back upon the enjoyment of their uninterpreted sensations and impressions. It is noteworthy that in literature impressionism, symbolism, and other forms of unrestrained individualism, have followed the more or less scientific methods of a Balzac a Flaubert, and a Zola. One may expect a somewhat similar reaction as the dominion of the Darwins and Spencers wanes. The human spirit, in short, wants both cates and nourishment. If science fails to provide these, it will seek them elsewhere. It would be no strange thing if the baffled devotees of modern science should largely take refuge in that pleasant field of nature-study which not so long ago passed for science itself.

ON TRANSLATING THE OLD TESTAMENT.

It is singular proof how far present-day Biblical studies have moved from any literary or even humanistic position that, in spite of the rush of translators into other fields, practically no attempts are now made to present the Old Testament to English readers as a monument of literary art. The multitudinous labors upon it smell of the midnight oil, and, worse, of the dissecting-room, and the scattered fragments of the literature of the Hebrews lost what few æsthetic appreciators they had when their students ceased to be theologians and became critics. They are now a mock to Philistines; eyeless in the mill with the slaves of science; condemned to yield dubious facts to the framers of conjectured hypotheses. When Prof. Paul Haupt secured Dr. Horace Howard Furness for some parts of the English form of his Rainbow Bible, he rendered unique recognition to a suppressed fact, and, even then, Dr. Furness had only the liberty of putting in decent English the results of others; he was far from the creative labor of the primary translator. And when the "Tudor Translations" accepted the King James version as a belated comrade, it was as an English classic, and not as a primary translation.

Naturally, then, there is a general notion that the problem is solved and done, and that we have already in English amply adequate renderings of the Old Testament. Even the respectable authority of Dr. Lavendar can now be alleged in support of this view, and it is only a few months since an erudite writer in the *Outlook* based on it a plea for the abolition of the requirement of Hebrew from theological students. Since we had such excellent and sufficing translations what was the need of further toil and trouble, he urged. The time saved from the study of one of the bases of the Christian faith might be devoted to the cultivation of rhetoric or the pursuit of settlement researches.

This, of course, is absurd enough and exhibits ignorance of a very peculiar character in a cleric; but it amply illustrates the present point, and shows, first, that the Old Testament is supposed to have been adequately Englished so far as the sense is concerned, and, secondly, that no one ever seems to dream of translating it from a purely æsthetic point of view. Homer is attempted once, at least, in every decade, but from Lowth with his "elegant"

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Latin versions it is a far cry to the beginning of the twentieth century.

A few words will suffice for the accuracy of the present vulgar renderings. In the Revised Versions, English and American, the New Testament is admitted, very generally, to be a fair substitute for the Greek original, though voices even now are becoming audible that the revision was carried out too classically for the text, and that the old version, following ecclesiastical tradition, came in many points nearer to the sense of its Hellenistic Greek. But the weakness of the Old Testament translation has been notorious from its first appearance. The times, apparently, were not then ripe, and the majority of the translators were able to vote down the few who really knew Hebrew. The general standard also of Hebrew scholarship was not nearly on a level with that of Greek. The real students of the language have always been few; They have studied more or less by themselves: and their knowledge has not been criticised and vivified in the rough and tumble existence of schools and colleges. Only in some such way does it seem possible to explain the persistence of hoary misconception on points of grammar, lexicography, and usage. If it had been the duty of the schoolmasters to teach Hebrew to classes of boys year by year, these things would long ago have vanished. As it is, not only are the more difficult books, such as Job, disfigured to the point of nonsense, but in the simplest prose there occur "howlers," which in Greek would work the sore unhappiness of a two years' schoolboy. The defect is not merely in insight and power of expression—the higher faculties of a translator—but in ordinary grammatical knowledge.

In this, it is true, there is great advantage for the teacher of Hebrew. His task would be much harder if the so accessible "pony" were of a better quality. As it is, the present writer finds it possible to give his classes complete freedom to compare, as much as they please, the English versions even of Genesis, secure that illegitimate use will be speedily apparent. The advantage is even positive. The value of a student's labors is brought home to him in a way otherwise impossible when he discovers that he has really got behind the current versions, and that the devotion of the "Little Minister" to "the original Hebrew" was something more than a jest. After a few chapters of Genesis have been read, it is an exercise of the first value to set a student to pick out of the English versions the innumerable blunders which his few months of study have taught him to avoid. Revising the revision may be turned to pedagogical profit as well as to ecclesiastical heart-burnings.

But where, in all this, does the mere English reader come in? "A plague on both your revisions!" he may say. "I will follow Dr. Lavendar back to the old Elizabethan wine of King James. It needs no bush. 'Old books to read,' said Sir Roger. There I have good English and old familiar cadences; if the Hebrews had a better book, I can't get to it, and I must be content." And the pity is that at present he must be content. Mr. John Payne learns Arabic to translate the "Arabian Nights," he learns Persian to translate Hafiz, and Omar Khayyam; but no one learns Hebrew to translate Job, Ecclesiastes, or Isaiah. Yet less than a year's work would put Mr. Payne, for example, in a position to attack any of these, and there could not well be need with them of limited editions and private printing. The boon would be general to the English-speaking world; and the much-talked of "study of the Old Testament as literature," which now means hypothetical dissections and reconstructions, wild-oats theologies, and star-myth histories, all made plain to the meanest understanding, might approximate to its title.

The causes of this backwardness on the part of non-theological literary translators are probably three; reverence for the King James version as a well of English undefiled, which it is; belief that it is a good translation, which it is not; fear of popular objection to non-Levitical hands laid upon the ark, which is vain. After so many Levitical hands have worked their will with the sacred text—often with results of jumbled style only falling short of Mr. Kipling's imitation of the book of Mormon: "And the Lord spake unto the children of Israel, saying, 'Great Scott, what air ye about?' "—the people would rather welcome an æsthetically satisfactory and artistically reverent Englishing, even though wrought by uncircumcised hands. Such a translator would be free from all questions of dogma or of theological results to flow from his renderings. His whole care would be to translate adequately and beautifully, and for the rest he would have as little thought as though he were handling the Vedas or the Koran. He would need—and this might be hard—to shake himself free from the mystery which, for so many, seems to hang over the Hebrew tongue, and to recognize it not as any language of Paradise or system of strange symbols from the antique world, but as a very direct and vivid—most exact when grasped clearly and flexible when wielded easily—means of communicating human thoughts, one adequate to their deepest burdens and highest emotional flights, born in the desert and nursed on pastoral steppes, a child of mountain and river and plain, in touch with reality at all points, and rendering the instincts and yearnings of actual men, nomads and farmers, soldiers, seers, and rulers. Of course he would have to learn his Hebrew thoroughly and not to translate—as do so many—with an English version to right, a dictionary to left, and no grammar in sight; but that would be no terrible labor if pursued in the good old-fashioned way of writing prose from the first. And he would render, as nearly as could be, as one of the earlier Elizabethans; not with the later smoothness; some parts might call even for the commatic style of Malory. In this he would, perhaps, be driven to envy the freedom of these writers and their wide possibilities, narrowed for him, of words and constructions, much as modern translators of "Don Quixote" envy the license of Blount, which they dare not imitate. They, too, would give him rhythmic movements with which to reproduce the less than Saturnian metres of the Hebrews, and would teach him how to play on words without losing dignity or pathos.

Some measure of criticism he must needs use. The modern chapters and verses would go, as well as the divisions of the Jewish lectionary. He would make no chapters of his own, but simply paragraph for the sense; thus aiding the English reader, yet retaining the primitive and Oriental monotony of unbroken narrative. But one thing must be for him as the abomination of desolation itself. His text may no critic chop up and assign to A and B or X and Y. He must take the work of the last redactor who wrought in any whit as an artist, and render that, difficult as it may sometimes be. If time has gnawed the text since it left those hands, he may mark the gaps, but hardly more. If the redactor left harsh passages, he also must be harsh; or, where that is too impossible, must seek some escape. Such a delirium of insane literalists as "Jehovah God" must be undreamable for him; the old version will here generally guide him safely. His method, in short, must be that of the great translations from the Greeks and Orientals when made by poets or artists in prose.

And great, surely, will be his reward who can carry out this task. The specialists—the theologians and the critics—have failed us, our only hope lies with the practised *littérateur*. Thus the Old Testament, put at last fairly before the English-speaking world, may come again to its own, and the problem, how to gain for the mass of the people a true view of it, as a multifarious mass of Oriental literature struck through with a red thread of purpose, so well stated by Mr. Arthur C. Benson in the *National Review*, will move far towards solution.

D. B. M.

THE INVENTORY OF WASHINGTON'S LIBRARY.

Many of the papers in the old Fairfax Court House were scattered or destroyed by the Federal troops during the civil war, and among them was the Inventory of Washington's personal estate. It was, however, providentially, picked up and preserved by a Union soldier, and has now, after having been considered by Washington students for forty years as lost beyond chance of recovery, just come to light. It is a thin folio volume, fifty pages, bound in black morocco, lettered on the front "Original Inventory of Gen. George Washington's Chattels." The binding has probably been put upon it since the war. It may have been done twenty-five years or more ago.

The Inventory was first partly printed in 1860 by Edward Everett in his "Life of Washington." The document was too long for him to publish entire, and more than one-third (nineteen pages out of fifty) has never been printed. Moreover, the transcript furnished Everett "through the kindness of Mr. John A. Washington" was not accurate. Certain omissions were made through carelessness of the copyist, who, besides, appears to have found some difficulty in reading the handwriting of the original scribe. The Inventory has since been frequently reprinted, but always from the incomplete and imperfect one first published by Everett. According to this Inventory, Washington at his death owned a library of about nine hundred volumes, the value of which, as estimated by his executors, was $2,134. What would Tobias Lear, Thomson Mason, Thomas Peters, and

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William H. Foote, the appraisers, think if they could know that $2,810 was paid for two volumes only, at the sale of Bishop Hurst's library in May, 1904!

Washington left all his books and papers to his nephew, Bushrod Washington. In his will, dated 1826, Bushrod divided the books between two of his nephews, John A. Washington and George C. Washington, and all the books, apparently, remained at Mount Vernon until 1848, when Henry Stevens, the bookseller, bought the portion which had been bequeathed to George C. Washington, and resold them to the Boston Athenæum, where they now rest.

The second portion of the library which had been left by Bushrod Washington to John A. Washington was, after having been exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition, auctioned off in Philadelphia in November, 1876. Of the collection then sold 282 volumes were said to have formed part of Washington's library. The largest buyer at that sale was John R. Baker of Philadelphia. In 1891 his library was in turn put under the hammer, and the books are now widely scattered.

As an important and most interesting Appendix to the Athenæum "Washington Catalogue," Mr. William Coolidge Lane, at that time the librarian of the Athenæum, but now the librarian of Harvard University, rearranged the Inventory as printed in Everett's "Life of Washington" (the original manuscript being then untraceable), classifying the books, and endeavoring to identify the imperfect or ambiguous titles and to trace as far as possible the present location of the books themselves.

The list of books in the original manuscript inventory now so luckily discovered was undoubtedly written down by one person as the titles were called off by another, and as the titles given are short and often curiously misspelled (especially in the case of books in foreign languages) the identification of the precise book or edition is often very difficult. For example, the second book on the list, Chambaud's "Nouveau dictionnaire françois-anglois," etc., 1778, appears in the manuscript inventory as "Shambeaud Dictionary 1 Vol. 4to, $7.50." As printed by Everett this becomes "Skombrand's Dictionary, 1 Vol., 7.50," a title which might have been very difficult to identify had not the book itself turned up in the 1876 sale.

The list as printed by Everett is continuous. In the manuscript the contents of each book-case is given. "Case No. 1," for example, had, on the bottom shelves, no doubt, the "American Encyclopædia," Johnson's "Dictionary," and other large quartos, while the upper shelves contained smaller octavos. The contents are given of eight book-cases numbered from 1 to 8, followed by a list comprising 125 volumes of various sizes, largely books on agriculture, which are marked "On the Table." After this are the headings "Pamphlets in No. 1," "Books in lower Part of No. 3," a few additional titles "In No. 5," "Maps, Charts, etc.," followed by four titles with the heading "Books Omitted."

Washington owned two copies of his own "Official Letters to the Honorable American Congress," in two volumes, 8vo., printed (without Washington's authority) in London in 1795. The editor, John Carey, a brother of Matthew Carey, the Philadelphia publisher, sent the two copies to Washington, accompanied by a letter of explanation, dated March 31, 1795, containing the following:

> Respecting the plan of publication I have adopted, which I fear your Excellency will at first sight disapprove, and which is far from being satisfactory to myself—I would beg leave to refer to one of the copies above mentioned—the one in boards—containing some manuscript remarks expressive of the motives that influenced me on that occasion.

The copy with the manuscript notes by the editor (no longer "in boards," but rebound, probably by Washington's orders, in half calf) sold in the Hurst sale, in 1904, for $2,810, the highest price thus far paid at public sale for any Washington book. Washington's autograph is on the title-page of each volume, but neither volume contains the book-plate. The other set, bound in tree calf, yellow edges (probably the binding put upon it in London by Carey, before it was sent to Washington) sold in 1876 for $27, and was resold in Philadelphia, in May, 1895, for $1,650. This set has Washington's signature on the title-page of each volume, and his book-plate in the first volume. The manuscript inventory shows that one set was in case No. 1, the other in case No. 5. Each set was valued by the appraisers at $4. The set in case No. 1 does not appear in the printed inventory, having been overlooked by Everett's copyist.

Another book omitted by Everett's copyist is found in the manuscript inventory as "Hales contemplations, moral & divine, 1 vol. 8vo. $.50." This book was mentioned by Everett in his "Life" as still at Mount Vernon. It had belonged, he said, to Washington's father, and contained the autograph of each of his two wives, Jane and Mary. It came up in the 1876 sale, and again in the Baker sale in 1891. The leaf containing Jane Washington's name had meanwhile disappeared. The name Mary Washington is on the title-page and below in the early autograph of George Washington is written "Mother of G. Washington."

On February 5, 1788, Washington wrote to James Madison: "Perceiving that the Federalist under the signature of Publius, is about to be republished, I would thank you for forwarding to me three or four copies, one of which to be bound, and inform me of the cost." The Inventory shows two sets of "The Federalist," one valued at $3, and the other at $1.50. One of these, undoubtedly the $3 copy, and the one which by Washington's orders was "to be bound," sold in 1876 for $100, and was resold in February, 1891, for $1,900. It was one of the rare "thick paper" copies, and each volume contained Washington's autograph and book-plate. Vol. I. also contained notes as to the authorship of the several essays, in the handwriting of James Madison.

Washington subscribed for twenty copies of the first edition of Barlow's "Vision of Columbus." This was done, undoubtedly, as a financial help to the author. At the time of Washington's death two copies remained. No one of the twenty copies can now be positively identified. Louis XVI. was even more liberal. His name occurs in the list of subscribers for twenty-five copies of the book.

On May 6, 1792, Washington acknowledged the gift from the author of fifty copies of Paine's "Rights of Man." They were sent, no doubt, with the expectation that Washington would distribute them among his friends. That he did not do this is shown by the entry in the Inventory: "Tom Paynes Rights of Man 43 vols. 8vo. $15.00." Even in 1800 it was Tom Paine, used as a term of opprobrium. In no other case is the given name of any author mentioned in the Inventory. L. S. L.

OXFORD IN VACATION.

OXFORD, August 6.

To-day is the August Bank-Holiday, when every true-born Englishman's summer outing is supposed to begin, from the King's to the schoolboy's. Town is making, or preparing for, its exodus. For Gown the holidays formally began a month and more ago. Yet some half a hundred unfortunate candidates for the baccalaureate were left to pass their *vivâ voce* barely more than a fortnight ago, and a considerable number of unfortunate dons were fettered to that function. By nine o'clock in the morning the High in the neighborhood of the New Schools had assumed something of a faint reminiscence of term. Young men were gathering, dressed under the bob-tailed gown of the commoner in the prescribed black coat and white tie, which is the vague relic of the former ecclesiastical character of the university student. Their solemn faces showed clearly their sense of the impending terror, and their exchanged prognostications were of the gloomiest description.

The *vivâ voce* examinations, which supplement the written papers, are formally open to the public, just as in some of our American colleges the candidates for the baccalaureate, on being presented for their degrees, are still pronounced *publico examine probatos*. But the public has ceased in Oxford to exercise its privilege. In the great and dignified room where the *vivâ voce* in *Litteræ Humaniores* was carried on, a double row of chairs stretched the full length of the apartment, and across one end, but I was the only occupant of them, save for one or two pale candidates, who entered somewhat before their appointed times and dropped into seats as near the door as possible. Behind a long table were seated three examiners, occasionally increasing in number to five, all in the master's gown and hood, and these not invariably in the most neat condition. Toward the end of the period one of the two University Proctors dropped in, and was received with official courtesy. He wore bands, and that more elaborate arrangement of gown which, I believe, was once merely the full-dress gown of the ordinary M.A.'s, whose representatives the Proctors especially are in the government of the university. On the other side of the table from the examiners were placed five chairs for the candidates, though each one of these in turn had the whole side of the table to himself, and was ordinarily subjected to catechism by only one of the examiners.

The examination was not as brief nor as simple as the famous one recorded of Lord Eldon, who was asked a single question each on Hebrew and history: "What is the Hebrew for a skull, sir?" "Golgotha."

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"Quite right, sir, quite right. And who founded University College?" "King Alfred." With this answer, more loyal than veracious, his examination was happily ended. The examinations the other day were most of them brief and simple, less than fifteen minutes each being spent on most of the victims. "Ah, Mr. Smith, what can you tell us about Lucullus?" "He was a distinguished Roman, who held command in the East." "Against whom?" "Mithridates." "Quite right. And do you remember who succeeded him?" "Pompey." "Yes. And can you recall the names of the two laws that gave Pompey his extraordinary powers?" "No-o-o, sir, I can't." An examination in philosophy was, however, much longer and more searching. It is proposed, I am told, to give up these ancient oral examinations, except when the precise rank of a candidate from his written papers is in doubt.

The ceremony of conferring degrees for the last time before the new academic year took place only a week ago, in the beautiful and stately old Divinity School, where the disputations in divinity are still delivered, though without opponents, by candidates for divinity degrees, and usually with only the Regius Professor of Divinity to listen to them. In this respect divinity only shares the lonely fate of the *vivâ voce*. It was a less tense atmosphere the other day than when Archbishop Cranmer, as a prisoner, held his own in that same hall against the combined forces of the Romanist divines of Oxford and Cambridge. Last week two long rows of backless oak benches were set out along each side of the room, from the end door into "the Pigmarket" up to the loftier seats behind the railing, in front of which, on the floor, were the benches for the assembling Doctors and Masters. In the high seats were some privileged spectators; on the backless benches to the right of the entrance sat ungracefully the candidates for the master's degree; opposite them the candidates for the baccalaureate, and huddled against the wall behind the benches stood the unauthorized onlookers. Among the few Doctors at the other end, nearest the Vice-Chancellor's raised chair, in the differing glory of their stellar splendors, it was interesting to notice the effective scarlet and gray habits of the new doctorates in Letters and in Science. The dignified Bedel, carrying his portly silver staff wrong end up (it is carried right end up only before the Chancellor and the King) elbowed his way through the throng at the door, pronouncing, as he advanced, the prescribed Latin formula in the prescribed gentle tone, "Intretis in Congregationem, magistri, intretis," and then followed the two Proctors in their black and white, and the Vice-Chancellor in his scarlet and black. He took his place in the raised chair at the further end, with the Proctors lower down to right and left, and Doctors and Masters flanking them. There appeared to be hardly more Masters than enough to make the statutory quorum of nine for the conferring of degrees. The Vice-Chancellor presented at a distance a striking likeness to that old and rigorous Chancellor, the ill-fated Archbishop Laud, who may have sat in Congregation in that place; but Laud was a strict formalist, and I gravely doubt whether he would have allowed himself, or any other D.D., to say nothing of a Vice-Chancellor, to wear the light gray trousers that peeped out when the presiding dignitary's gown fell slightly open. A few items of formal business, disposed of, I suppose, by the house sitting as Convocation, were quickly run through in fluent Latin, silence on the part of the members marking assent. Authorization had to be given to the affixing of the University seal to certain leases, and the unexpected appearance in the midst of the learned tongue of familiar English phrases—"cum The Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers"—caught the ear of the audience and raised subdued laughter. After each statement was rattled off by the Vice-Chancellor he added, snatching off his cap, "Placetne vobis, Domini Doctores? Placetne vobis? Placetne vobis? . . . Sigillum apponatur." It was curious to notice throughout this and the following part of the function the academic freedom that prevailed in the matter of the pronunciation of Latin on the part of the different speakers. Everything seemed to "go," from "Roman" to "English."

Then followed the ceremony for which all the audience were waiting, according to the forms that have been considerably shortened since the older days, but yet retain many elements of historic interest, especially to a Western observer. The Vice-Chancellor and the Proctors, the one representing the external authority, the others the joint right of the associated Masters, alone wore their caps during the entire ceremony, except at moments of salutation—the Proctors, however, removing theirs when the Vice-Chancellor lifted his. The form of admission to the Master's degree is more elaborate than that for the baccalaureate, marking the especial importance of the Master as received into full membership in the University as a legally constituted society of scholars. The Masters are admitted in groups of four only; the Bachelors all in a lump, after presentation by colleges. The Masters kneel before the Vice-Chancellor, and at the conclusion of the formula are touched on the head by him with a copy of the New Testoment, "in nomine Domini, Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti," as marking the originally ecclesiastical character of the function; the Bachelors stand in a confused group, and are admitted in a briefer formula. The pledge required from the Masters is more elaborate than that required from the Bachelors, as they alone are admitted to a share in the government of the University; but they are no longer compelled to promise, as they were from 1334 to 1827, not to recognize as a University any other institution in England except Cambridge, and especially not to lecture nor to listen to lectures in Stamford as a University. The Masters alone are said to "commence" (*incipere*) in their respective faculties (that is, of course, to commence teaching), the Bachelors being given license to read only. The Masters, after their degrees are conferred, are ushered out of the room by the Bedel to don their new gowns and hoods, and are then formally escorted in again in a group to make their silent bow before the Vice-Chancellor; the Bachelors are pointed the way out, and there abandoned to their own devices. Custom is in wait for them there, though, and lays its unwavering hand upon them. One of the servants of his own College claims the right to bring the new Bachelor his gown and hood, and invest him with them on the spot, and to receive as tip therefor a sovereign. E. T. M.

Correspondence.

"THE SECRET OF THE TOTEM."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The subject of Totemism is naturally unpopular, being complex, arid, and connected with that state of savagery from which, as Thackeray's Miss Tickletoby says, we willingly withdraw our view. Thus, few persons can be interested in my remonstrance with the critic of my "Secret of the Totem," in your columns for May 31; three copies of the critique have to-day reached me. Permit me to quote my critic textually. He says:

> The book presents as the "secret" a fact known for centuries, and but lately worked out into a sober monograph by two Russian scholars. Further, Mr. Lang, in order to the upholding of his thesis, which, in a word, is simply that the totem was a kind of *Schriftart*, as Picker (*sic*) and Somlo called it in the monograph referred to, has to ignore all the recent facts collected in defiance of his theory. This he does with his customary coolness. The savages of Central Australia do not support his view, so he calmly advances them in the scale of civilization, and regards them as too advanced to be usable—for his theory. Mr. Frazer, who first revamped his old theory of totemism into a clumsy adaptation of modern views, subsequently, in several illuminating articles in the *Fortnightly Review*, threw over the notion that matriarchy necessarily precedes patriarchy; but this result, Mr. Lang in turn, throws over, for, as he admits, it invalidates his argument. Inheritance of the totem does not always come first from the mother—then away with the vile body which indicates this; or, in Mr. Lang's words, "I am unable to accept this tribe as an example of the most archaic state of affairs extant."

I had, in fact, advanced my theory of the *origin* (not the complete "Secret") of the totem, in various places, such as the *Athenæum* and *Longman's Magazine*, before "Picker" (as your critic amusingly styles M. Pikler), with another "Russian scholar," published his "sober monograph," which is quoted freely in my book. I also put forward my ideas on the whole evolution of totemism in "Social Origins" before I had so much as heard that there was any "Picker." But my idea is *not*, as my critic avers, "simply that the totem is a kind of *Schriftart*," in origin; that theory I am obliged to oppose. In origin the totem was no *Schriftart*, I think, but a name, and part of a system of naming. This opinion, this portion of the whole "Secret," may be "a fact known for centuries," since, as I say in my book, the theory that totemism arose in the differentiation of groups was put forward by Garcilasso de la Vega, an Inca by the maternal side, in his "History of the Incas." Of this fact I apprised Mr. J. F. McLennan, thirty-six years ago! Garcilasso, however, did not work out his theory into any of the details. To do this has been my aim: that is, to unravel the whole complex evolution of totemism, as far as it exists in Australia. My general theory is novel, of course; it has *not* "been known for centuries"; though centuries

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ago, Garcilasso made a guess at one portion of my hypothesis.

My reviewer declares that, to uphold my thesis, I deliberately ignore facts, and (if I correctly interpret him) that this is my common practice. I have, he says, "to ignore all the recent facts collected in defiance of my theory," and "this I do with my customary coolness." With all deference I venture to suggest that the charge, as I find no vestige of a basis for it in my book, must be made in consequence of some misconception on the part of my reviewer. He quotes, from my preface, the statement that "I am unable to accept this tribe," the Arunta, "as an example of the most archaic state of affairs extant," but he does not quote the reasons which I give for my inability to regard the tribe as primitive. The reasons are many, and many inquirers, English and Continental, here agree with me. I am conscious, at least, of having ignored no recently collected facts bearing on the subject, of which I was aware when I wrote the book reviewed; though, in the present year, interesting facts have been collected which I could not notice before they reached me, in private letters from Western Australia. (April, 1906.)

If the critic means (as he appears to mean) that I "ignored" the facts from central and north central Australia, I reply that I carefully criticised them in two chapters (iv. and xi.), devoted to the discoveries and theory of Prof. Baldwin Spencer, and to a then recently published magazine article by Mr. J. G. Frazer. To state, to criticise, and, as a result of criticism, to decline to accept a *theory*, is not to "ignore *facts*." I have again criticised Professor Spencer's most recent statement of his theory, in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, for July, 1906. Far from "ignoring the facts," I state and accept the facts, while giving my reasons for differing from the interpretations of them suggested by Professor Spencer and Mr. Frazer. In taking this course I agree with several British and foreign students of distinction.

I am said "calmly to advance the savages of central Australia in the scale of civilization," *because* "they do not support my views." I disclaim the imputed motive. These savages, according to Professor Spencer himself, and Mr. Howitt, are in about the fifth stage of what these students, and I, look on as progress in social organization. How, then, can I regard these tribes, with Professor Spencer, as "primitive" in respect to social organization? They might, of course, retain archaic survivals; I do not deny *that*; but I advance reasons, which, so far, have not, to my knowledge, been refuted, for thinking that, as regards totemism, these tribes are not primitive, but decadent and aberrant.

The notion "that matriarchy" does not "necessarily precede patriarchy," was not held by any one of our best authorities—for example, by Mr. Frazer, Mr. Tylor, or Mr. Howitt—till Professor Spencer discovered the organization of the central and north central Australian tribes, and even then Mr. Tylor, certainly, and, I think, Mr. Howitt, no more abandoned their previous opinion than I have done. In this country we were previously all agreed that, among totemic peoples, "matriarchy" was prior to "patriarchy." But some students who look on these central and northern tribes as specially "primitive," have been led to the recently proposed opinion that one tribe may start with "patriarchy," and another with "matriarchy." On this theory, and not otherwise, the central and north central tribes—though confessedly far advanced in social organization—may, as far as their "patriarchy" is concerned, be as "primitive" as the tribes with "matriarchy." I do not, as my critic says, "throw over this result, *for*, as I admit, it invalidates my argument,"—if "for" here means "because." I might as well say that students who differ from me accept "this result," *because*, if they do not, *their* argument is invalidated. I reject, for myself, the new opinion that "patriarchy" and "mafriarchy," among these tribes, are equally primitive, because, among other reasons, these tribes with "patriarchy" for the more part retain the most undeniable traces of a previous state of "matriarchy." Into this part of the subject, as Mr. Frazer's new opinion only came to my notice after my book was in type, I had not the opportunity to enter with desirable minuteness. I have since found another opportunity.

Let me express my regret that I have had to offer so long, and, doubtless, so dull an explanation. ANDREW LANG.

London, July 30.

[We did not impugn Mr. Lang's honesty in stating that he coolly ignored facts; it would have been a mere paraphrase had we said that he easily disregarded them. We did say that he deceived his reader in publishing his book under the caption "The Secret of the Totem," since there is nothing to indicate that the totemism meant is only, as he now says, "totemism, as far as it exists in Australia." Dr. Pikler (the misprint "Picker" is doubtless very amusing) had previously advocated the theory that "the germ of totemism is the *naming*," in contradistinction to the mystical theory of Frazer, and the purchaser of a fresher "Secret" might well expect to find something besides a mere modification of Pikler's view. Spencer and Gillen have shown that descent in the female line has not always preceded the counting of it in the male line, and Frazer has admitted that "the common assumption that the inheritance of the totem through the mother always preceded inheritance of it through the father need not hold good." Mr. Lang in the "Secret" himself admits that he has throughout argued on that very assumption, and that it is this assumption which is "fatal to the Arunta claim to primitiveness."—ED. NATION.]

PUNCTUATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For some readers by far the most interesting piece in the August *Atlantic* was Mr. Garrison's article on "A Dissolving View of Punctuation." It brought back to my mind the time when I used to gaze with a kind of awe at my father's library and wonder—not how the men got their ideas for all those books, but how they ever managed to punctuate them!

I hoped Mr. Garrison was going to give a smart rap over the knuckles to those writers who obscure the sense of what they write, by their slap-dash use of the dash—often putting such a succession of them that it is hard to pick out the true meaning. And by the by, what rational justification is there for the use of comma *and* dash, as in the first sentence on p. 269 of the August *Atlantic*? "Ten or a dozen years ago,—the exact date is here immaterial,—an enterprising," etc. I happen to have before me two text books issued by the same publishing house: one of them always precedes the dash by a comma, while the other one omits the comma; and this surely seems to be the better way.

As to the interrogation point, every one who reads aloud must have learned to wish that we were as sensible as the Spanish are, in putting the question sign at the beginning of the sentence, so that the reader might instantly give the proper inflection to his voice. Another reason for putting the sign at the beginning is that sometimes the question affects only the first part of the sentence, the latter part winding up with an unquestioned declaration of fact, thus making it exceedingly awkward to carry the question-tone so far.

The Germans have such an extremely helpful use of the hyphen that it is strange it has not been adopted by other nations. A simple example is: "Owing to the wind- and snow-storm," which is not always the same as "the wind and snow-storm." But what we have taken over from the Germans in our Latin and Greek texts is the comma in front of *every* relative pronoun. Many of your readers can no doubt recall times when this vicious German comma for awhile completely obscured the sense by divorcing ideas that no man should put asunder. The Germans would not make the distinction that the comma makes for us in these two sentences: "Parents, who are the natural protectors of their children, must not let them govern themselves to their own hurt"; and: "Parents who let their children govern themselves are very culpable."

Have not some of your readers at times felt the need of a mark of less weight than the comma? If one writes: "Mary Jane and Jack have gone blackberrying," have two or three gone? If we write: "Mary, Jane and Jack have gone," are we giving Mary information about Jane and Jack? or have all three gone? If we put it so: "Mary, Jane, and Jack have gone," we do not punctuate as we speak, for no one *says* "Jack have gone." We *speak* a comma after Jack, whether we write one or not—and I do not think I ever saw the comma separating the last term of a series from the verb common to them all. The absence of the comma there seems to unite the last member too closely to the verb, giving it an unfair advantage over the preceeding members of the series: if we put the comma, it seems to jar the terms too far apart.

If an appositive clause finds place in such a series, the matter is made still worse. To take a classical example, we read in "De Amicitia," 101; "Senes illos,

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L. Paulum, M. Catonem, C. Gallum, P. Nasicam, Ti. Gracchum, Scipionis nostri socerum, dileximus." Now count your old men. Five, or six?

In such places the parenthesis would remove ambiguity, thus: "Ti. Gracchum (Scipionis nostri socerum)"—and then comes the awkwardness of the comma, as shown above. ADDISON HOGUE.

Lexington, Va., August 14.

HISTORICAL PARALLELITIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While historical "parallelitis," as you term it in your interesting article on the Russian crisis, is an insidious malady, is it not the case that the really important point is not so much that one of our newspapers is suffering from it, as that the Russian people are? You blame the *Times*, for which I hold no brief, for seeing in the reported understanding of the Czar with the Kaiser and the Emperor of Austria a parallel to the relation of Louis XVI. with the same Powers in 1792. The parallel may be fallacious, but it may yet be extremely effective if the members of the Duma had something of the sort in mind when, after their recent dissolution, they addressed the Russian people as follows:

Our Government have gone to such lengths that the Austrian and German Emperors have placed their troops at the disposal of the Tsar's Government for war against the Russian people. This is clearly conspiracy with foreigners against the Fatherland. This is a state of treason on the part of the Government . . . etc., etc.

Was it not for treason of precisely the same character that, rightly or wrongly, Louis XVI. was beheaded? J.

Notes.

Edith Wharton will contribute the serial story of Scribner's for 1907. The title of the story is not stated.

L. C. Page & Co. will soon have ready a new edition of "The Cities of Northern Italy," by Grant Allen and George C. Williamson.

The latest section of the "Oxford English Dictionary" to appear carries that great work from *Ph* to *Piper*, the editor being Dr. James A. H. Bradley.

The Oxford University Press is preparing "The Oxford Anthology of English Literature," by G. E. and W. H. Hadow, in three volumes, the first of which will be ready this month.

D. C. Heath & Co. announce two new volumes in the Belles-Lettres Series: "Select Poems of Robert Browning," edited by Richard Burton, and the "Select Poems of Tennyson," edited by Archibald MacMechan.

Despite his seventy-seven years Tolstoy is busily engaged on a new book, to be called "Divine, Human." It is concerned with the Russian Liberal movement in the eighties and nineties. Another work of his will take up Lamennais.

Thomas Whittaker is publishing the "Reminiscences of a Missionary Bishop," which contains the experiences for a period of forty years of Bishop Tuttle, presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church, formerly of Utah, now of the Diocese of Missouri.

The *Four-Track News*, hitherto issued by the New York Central Railway, will now be published independently as the *Travel Magazine*, by Walter A. Johnson, formerly of Doubleday, Page & Co., and others. The size of the magazine will be enlarged.

Bertram Dobell has issued a new edition of "The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne," with an Introduction explaining how the MS. was found, and a prefatory poem by Mr. Dobell himself. He also announces that the "Meditations" are soon to be published in a separate volume.

"Shakespeare's Complete Works" will appear this autumn in Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Cambridge Poets Series. They will also bring out the "Complete Poems of Edward Rowland Sill" in a single volume at a popular price. Sill's work has long needed to be thus collected.

The Century Company will publish this autumn the "Addresses of John Hay" and Frederick Trevor Hill's "Lincoln, the Lawyer." The new Thumb-nail books will be E. E. Hale's "The Man Without a Country," Emerson's "Friendship" and "Character," and the Proverbs of Solomon.

John W. Munson's "Reminiscences of a Mosby Guerilla" will soon be brought out by Moffat, Yard & Co. Mr. Munson joined the Partisan Rangers at the beginning of their career, and stayed with them to the end. In writing his memoirs he has had the assistance of Col. Mosby and others of the command.

Seven *Lieferungen* have now appeared of the new revised edition of Wülker's "Geschichte der Englischen Literatur" (Lemcke & Buechner), which will be completed in fifteen parts. Besides the sober account of English literature contained in this work, it is valuable for its facsimiles of MSS. and early books. American authors receive proper attention.

"Les Classiques Français," the tidy and rather gay little books issued by Dent and Putnams, will soon mount to a considerable number. Two late volumes include Dumas's "La Tulipe Noire," with a Preface by Emile Faguet, and La Rochefoucauld's "Maximes," under the care of Paul Souday. The "Maximes," in particular, make a delightful little book.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will soon have ready "Court Life in the Dutch Republic," 1638-1689, by the Baroness Suzette Van Zuylen Van Nyvelt; "Reason in Architecture," by T. G. Jackson, and "Sidelights on the Home Rule Movement," by Sir Robert Anderson. Sir Robert is the son of Matthew Anderson, who was crown solicitor in Dublin.

The Baker & Taylor Company announce the following publications for this autumn: "Max Fargus," by Owen Johnson; "Katrina," by Roy Rolfe Gilson; "Power Lot," by Sarah P. McLean Greene; "Mr. Pickwick's Christmas" and "A Christmas Carol," with illustrations by George Alfred Williams; "A History of Architecture," by Russell Sturgis, and "Lady Hollyhock and her Friends," by Margaret Coulson Walker.

Another volume of the Dent-Putnam Greek and Latin classics is made up of Plato's "Euthyphro, Apology, and Crito," with Introduction, Translation, and Notes by F. M. Stawell. Were the type only a bit more generous, so as to invite reading, for example, in the cars, this would be almost an ideal publication. We have long needed such an edition of the principal classics, designed for those who still carry a little baggage of Greek and Latin, but are glad to substitute for the dictionary a fair translation on facing pages.

In the Harvard *Quarterly Journal of Economics* for August Prof. W. F. Willcox discusses the "Distribution of Immigrants," and contributes some solid facts to the controversy—too often frothy—on immigration. He examines the common impression that the foreign-born tend to collect in the great cities, and that the most illiterate of them tend especially to huddle there. This question he handles with the coolness of a trained statistician, and with careful use of the available figures; and the outcome is to dispose pretty completely of the prevailing notion. True, there is a larger percentage of the foreign-born in the cities; but this is conspicuous chiefly in the seaports, and is due to the simple fact that they arrive in those ports and cannot get away from them at once. The ports of arrival act as reservoirs, receiving a steady inflow, but discharging a steady outflow, and full only because new currents are always coming in. In the fiscal year 1900, "within a period averaging six months after their arrival at New York city, not less than 107,000 out of 134,000 immigrants, or four-fifths of the whole number, had left that city, and dispersed over the country." During the decade 1890-1900 two-thirds of the Italian addition to the population of New York left that city before its close. The currents are steadily flowing from city to country. "All the facts have been found consistent with the theory that the larger proportion of foreign-born in our cities is due to the fact that nine-tenths of them arrive in cities and that it takes them a long time to disperse from these centres." The notion that among the immigrants those who are illiterate tend especially to congregate in cities seems to have no better foundation. In the State of New York the foreign-born in the cities have a lower per cent. of illiteracy than those outside the cities, and Professor Willcox believes that in other States similar results would be found.

South America is the main subject of the *National Geographic Magazine* for August, the opening article being a forecast, by Mr. Chas. M. Pepper, of its condition fifty years hence. The Argentine Republic seems to him to have the most promising future from its natural resources, being another Mississippi valley, and he believes that in 1956 Buenos Ayres will have a population of two and a half millions. He predicts a great overflow of capital from the United States which will be used largely in the construction of railways. Professor Bailey of Harvard gives an account of an exploring trip from the eastern slopes of the Andes to the Amazon valley, and of the savages who inhabit the region through which only one white man had ever before passed. An interesting spot where three republics meet, Brazil, Argentina, and Paraguay, the falls of Iguazu, rivalling Niagara in grandeur and excelling it in beauty, is described by Marie R. Wright. In his account of his fourth visit to Mont Pelée, made last Feb-

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ruary, Prof. Angelo Heilprin says that he thinks he has solved the problem presented by the great obelisk of rock which after the eruption rose above the cone of the mountain a thousand feet, but is now shattered. The view generally held by geologists and ably elaborated by Professor Lacroix, chief of the scientific investigation committee sent out by the Academy of Sciences of Paris, is that it represented a rapidly and recently cooled highly acidic lava, whose tension and viscosity were such as to permit the solidification at or about the time of extrusion. In other words, it took the place of the free flows of lava which usually accompany volcanic eruptions. Professor Heilprin maintains, on the contrary, that it was an ancient volcanic plug, which bore no relation in its formation to the newer phase of eruption of the volcano, and was lifted bodily, as the result of extreme volcanic stress, in the manner of the great block of the Puy Chopine, in the Auvergne. The illustrations of this and the other articles are numerous and well-chosen, and there is also a map of South America with some useful facts and statistics in the margin.

It is shown in the *Philippine Journal of Science* for June that the waste of the stripped *abaká* (Manila hemp) offers excellent prospects for paper manufacture, as do certain other Philippine fibres and grasses. The most interesting article of this number, however, is undoubtedly a discussion of the bubonic plague in Japan by the bacteriologist whose name has come to be famous in connection with this disease, Shibasaburo Kitasato, head of the Institute for Infectious Diseases at Tokio. It was Dr. Kitasato who first organized the rat-killing campaign as a means of both locating and combating the plague—a system which has been followed with success in Manila, where the health authorities keep in close touch with the Japanese laborers in the same field. Even when there is no plague, 3,000 to 4,000 rats per day are bought and "post-mortemed" in Tokio, a measure of prevention which in 1904 located a case of infection in a steamer from Hongkong and enabled the authorities to take action before a single human being had been infected. In Tokio, since 1900, 4,820,000 rats have been caught and killed, at a cost to the Government of over 160,000 yen. But Tokio's plague epidemic of 1902-1903 cost the city 320,000 yen; how vigorously and thoroughly the Japanese health authorities have fought these epidemics is shown by the fact that the number of patients in Tokio was only 15, giving an expenditure of 21,333 yen for each patient. The same has been the case in the epidemics in Yokohama, Osaka, and Kobe, and the three epidemics in the past six years have claimed only 513 recorded victims (besides a number undoubtedly not reported). Whole districts of Tokio, for instance, were encircled with zinc-sheeting fences, running a foot below ground and three feet or more above ground, to retain the rats till they could be killed. Kitasato calls attention to two things of importance to all cities which are threatened by this disease. First, he shows that rats cannot be exterminated by any method as yet known; and, secondly, he points to the large area of southern China, to India, and the British free ports as the focus of the disease and as places where nothing is done to prevent its spread to other parts.

Edward B. Reed of Yale University makes an interesting discovery in regard to the celebrated lines on "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," which have been attributed both to Ben Jonson and to William Browne. The common statement is that the verses were first printed anonymously in Osborne's "Traditional Memoirs on the Reign of King James," 1658, thirty-seven years after the death of the Countess of Pembroke. Earlier than that, it is said to appear first in a MS. of the middle of the sixteenth century, in Trinity College, Dublin, under the signature "William Browne," and also in a collection of Browne's miscellaneous pieces, in Lansdowne MS. No. 777, dated 1650. Mr. Reed thus presents his own discovery in a letter to the *Athenæum:*

In Camden's "Remaines concerning Brittaine: But especially England, and the Inhabitants thereof. The fourth Impression, reviewed, corrected, and increased, London, 1629," p. 336, is the following:

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.

Under this Marble Hearse
Lyes the subject of all Verse;
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death, ere thou hast kil'd another,
Faire, and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Marble piles let no man raise
To her name, for after-dayes;
Some kind woman borne as she,
Reading this, (like Niobe)
Shall turne Marble, and become
Both her mourner and her Tombe.

In the Trinity College MS. line 1 reads "Underneath this sable hearse"; line 4 reads "Death, ere thou hast slain another," with the variant "killed."

This epitaph is printed in the "Remains" without its author's name. It follows immediately an epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney which has this brief introduction: "Sir Philip Sidney . . . hath this most happily imitated out of the French of Mons. Bonivet, made by Joach. de Bellay, as it was noted by Sir George Buc in his Poetica." Evidently the writer of the lines on the Countess of Pembroke was not known, or his name also would have been given. The epitaph is printed eight years before Jonson's death, yet apparently he never claimed it. This is certainly a point in favor of Browne's authorship, for Jonson was not the man to hide his light under a bushel.

The quatercentenary celebrations of the University of Aberdeen are to begin on the 25th of September, with a chapel service, and terminate on the 18th with a students' symposium, which probably means a *Kneipe*. On the 27th, King Edward is to be present to inaugurate the new university buildings, and Lord Strathcona, the Chancellor, gives a banquet in a specially contructed pavilion to the invited guests and all the present and past members of the University, to the expected number of about 2,500. Receptions, athletic sports, banquets by the civic authorities and others, and excursions fill up the remaining time.

The Council of the Section of Anthropology of the British Association has presented a resolution in which it is urged that the governments of the South African colonies should collect and preserve the knowledge and observations of men, such as missionaries, administrators, and others, who were living in intimate relations with the native tribes before the advance of civilization began to obliterate all true traditions and habits of the South African natives; and that the authorities should by conference establish a proper nomenclature of the various groups of natives with a view to ascertaining their inter-relationships. The resolution closed with the recommendation that opportunity should be given to administrators of native affairs, before or after their appointment, to study comparative ethnology for at least two terms in one of the universities of the United Kingdom.

The Cambridge University Extension summer meeting was opened on August 2 by Ambassador Whitelaw Reid, who gave an address on "The Rise of the United States in the Eighteenth Century, and the Tendencies of Its Development." Beginning with the statement that it was the greatest fact in modern history, he sketched the main events and their causes of that period, emphasizing the personal sense of loyalty to the mother country by quoting, from a private letter of Benjamin Franklin written in 1758, the remark that George III. was "the best monarch any nation was ever blessed with." American success was due, first to character, then to desperate earnestness, and lastly to circumstance. "The inefficient were sifted out—those left were a picked class . . . and there was an absolute freedom for individual initiative." He closed with a reference to the collectivist or socialistic tendencies of the times as threatening to destroy this freedom. He confidently believed, however, that the English-speaking races, "on whatever continent or island, would surely in the end hold fast to these ancient characteristics of a strong, free people, and so keep secure their places in the van of human progress."

A noteworthy career has been closed by the recent death of the Rev. George Grenfell, at the age of fifty-seven. He went to the Cameroons as a Baptist missionary in 1874, and four years later to the Congo Free State, which has been the scene of his labors ever since. To his missionary work he added that of an explorer, and, after Stanley, he has probably done more than any other Englishman to add to our knowledge of the river and its tributaries. "Few explorers in any part of the world," says the London *Times*, "have made such extensive and valuable contributions to geographical knowledge as this modest missionary, who, had he possessed the ambition and 'push' of men who have not done a tithe of his work, would have been loaded with honors." For some special service he received orders from the Portuguese and Belgian governments, and the Royal Geographical Society awarded him the Royal Medal. His position in regard to the Congo State scandals was shown in a letter published a few months ago in which he spoke frankly and strongly of the atrocious cruelties to which the natives were subjected.

The name of Maître Edmond Rousse is all but unknown abroad, and was but little known at home in France until his death on the first day of August, in his ninetieth year. He was the oldest member of the French Academy in age, though not in office, and he had long been dean of the Paris bar, of which he was the *bâtonnier* during the Siege and the Commune. He was the type of an ancient world which is disappearing fast; bred upon the classics, painfully writing out pleas which were

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lucid, forcible literature rather than the rough-and-ready oratory of our modern courts. His election to the Academy was a tribute to law, clothing its forensic form with high literature; he was the first member of the bar to attain a seat among the Forty Immortals without ever passing through a political assembly. Before the delighted jury of Chartres, had he not bodily transformed Cicero "Pro Muræna" into his own plea for a criminal—who was acquitted? During the Commune, at the risk of his own life, he defended Gustave Chaudey against Raoul Rigault, the Latin Quarter brawler, who had been made Public Prosecutor in a parody of justice. In 1880, against Jules Ferry, and again in these last years against M. Combes, he succinctly and forcibly presented the legal rights of the religious associations which the Republic was suppressing. Renan, in the name of the French Academy, said of him: "We never see him entering our weekly meetings without saying, the good and righteous have their seat with us."

The latest news from Sven Hedin is contained in a letter to King Oscar of Sweden, who has allowed the Stockholm newspapers to print it. Much of it relates to the exploration of the desert region of Kevir, which is marked in English and Russian maps as a salt desert, but which Hedin found to be really a shallow inland sea. It rained incessantly while he traversed this region with two companions. The camels found it so difficult to get along that Hedin and his men had to walk most of the time, and repeatedly they were in danger of sticking in the malodorous, swampy ground. Subsequently, the explorer visited the Bahaba desert and then prepared for his journey through Seistan to India. He had heard reports of the ravages of the plague in Seistan, and had abundant occasion to verify them. At Nashretabad, a town of 2,500 inhabitants, nine-tenths had perished at the time of his arrival, and this was but a sample. Famine had prepared the soil for the epidemic, and the hostility of the natives to sanitary measures allowed it free sway. With his own eyes, Sven Hedin saw a mob attack a plague hospital and set it on fire. The object was to destroy the supply of serum, but this had fortunately been taken to another village.

The pamphlets and tracts of the German Reformation are growing more difficult to obtain, even for libraries of large means. The old collection of reprints by Schade is now out of print, and is also incomplete, and the selection of publications from this period in the "Neudrucke deutscher Literaturwerke des XVI. und XVII. Jahrhunderts" were, of course, selected from other points of view than that of their historical significance. The publication, under the editorship of Dr. Otto Clemen, of a series of "Flugschriften aus den ersten Jahren der Reformation" (Halle: Haupt), is therefore most welcome. Each tract will be accompanied by an historical and bibliographical introduction, and many by reproductions of the original illustrated title-pages. The first two numbers contain reprints of four small tracts, those brought together in the first number being of special popular interest, as showing the attitude of the younger generation towards Luther and the movement which he instigated. One is a letter from a student in Wittenberg to his parents in Swabia; the other a dialogue between an old peasant and his son, who has just returned from the same university. Among those in preparation we find a collection of pamphlets belonging to the prehistory of the Peasants' War. The year of this upheaval, 1525, has been chosen as the time limit of the present series; as the character of the controversy changed after this, and the mass of tracts grew smaller. The series is intended to contain both Protestant and Catholic publications. The price, 9 marks, for a volume of 30 signatures, is very moderate.

The bibliography of the Reformation period in Germany, in spite of careful elaboration, still offers many difficulties. To assist in removing some of these has been the aim of Alfred Goetze in his book, "Die hochdeutschen Drucker der Reformationszeit" (Strassburg: Trübner). He presents facsimiles from 79 books by as many different printers, and gives full imprints, parts of the title-pages, and as complete alphabets as possible, besides biographical data about the printers, including details as to their religious and political affinities. Minute descriptons of 194 title borders are also given. A close study of the types and title-borders used, and of the dialect, is the surest means of identifying the many undated tracts from this period.

Dr. Konrad Haebler has written the introductory text to Paul Heitz's facsimile collection "Hundert Kalender Inkunabeln" (Stuttgart: Heitz & Muendel). From among the two hundred and more calendars printed before the year 1500, which have come to the editor's and the author's notice, they have selected for reproduction one hundred, printed on single leaves, omitting all of larger compass as well as all fragments. While the introduction is mainly confined to investigations of a typographical and astronomical character, the importance of these early popular publications for dialect studies is indicated: sixty-five of the hundred calendars are in German, the rest in Latin. Dr. Haebler is here able to prove the correctness of the late Robert Proctor's guess that the Leipsic edition of Capotius's "Oratio Metrica" and the other books in the same type were printed by Martin Landsberg. The astronomical features of the calendars run largely into astrology, though we can see clearer ideas emerge from the mist of superstition, as, for instance, when the author of the 1478 calendar (No. 23 in the present collection) suggests that one who is sick might seek a competent physician, rather than submit to be bled according to the stars.

These small productions of the first printing presses are receiving more and more attention. They are usually found in old bindings, and three such broadside calendars for the years 1492, 1493, and 1496, so discovered, are described by Dr. Isak Collijn in the last (ninth) volume of the publications of the Kungl. Humanistiska Vetenskapssamfundet in Upsala. The 1492 calendar is of particular interest to the student of printing in Sweden, as it throws light on the Lübeck printer Bartholomaeus Gothan, who, in 1483, introduced the new art into the northern Kingdom. Among the other contributions in this volume the most important is August Hahr's study of Art and Artists at the court of Magnus Gabriel de la Gardie. This great nobleman, son of Gustavus Adolphus's famous general, was one of the wealthiest men during the period following immediately upon the thirty years' war, and an earnest lover of art and science. He did much to promote the progress of both in his native land. His services as chancellor of the University of Upsala were by no means perfunctory, and among his benefactions to its library is the Codex Argenteus whose silver binding was prepared to his order. He employed a great number of artists: painters, architects, and decorators, and among their works are some of the most interesting monuments of the art of the seventeenth century, especially in architecture. Drottningholm, since one of the palaces of the royal family; Karlberg, now the seat of the military academy of the Kingdom, and particularly Leckö, on an island in Vänern, are monuments of De la Gardie's wealth and love of art, and contain many paintings executed for him. His interest in art continued even after the Reduction had brought him to poverty. Dr. Hahr's monograph is an interesting contribution to the history of civilization in Sweden while the country was a world power.

Pierre Loti's new book, "Les Désenchantées," as literature, is a watery sequel to the "Aziyadé" of his sugary-sweet prime. As a human document, it perhaps portrays as nearly as a European can the states of mind and emotions of those latest inmates of Turkish harems who have been brought up to read French novels, including Loti's own. They are probably few in number; two of them, near relatives of the Sultan, lately escaped, and had their story written up for a Paris journal. It was far from sensational, and chiefly impressive by its disclosure of family affection and frank relations with male relatives, also Europeanized young Turks. Of course, Loti, after absorbing all this and what he has found out in Constantinople, squeezes from his own emotional faculty a story more like what we think ought to be. Even so, certain English historical poems are what Robert Browning refelt and attributed to his heroes and heroines. Meanwhile, Pierre Loti's descriptive power is as great as ever; and he has just been promoted in the French navy, as Capt. Julien Viaud, to be full ship commander.

The title of Thomas Okey's "Story of Paris" (in the Dent-Macmillan Mediæval Towns Series) is rather misleading. The book consists of two very slightly related parts, the first of which is a history (not a story) of Paris, and the second a guide to that section of Paris which is enclosed by the "inner boulevards." The history is a fairly picturesque and entertaining compilation, whose sole distinctive feature is a series of running comments on the present condition of the historic sites mentioned in the narrative. The guide is a curious cross between a Baedeker and a Hare, without the satisfying definiteness of the former or the charm of the latter. For such a volume, hurried travellers will have no use, because they rub along very well without any knowledge of history and find that the line of least resistance in "doing" foreign cities is to put themselves

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completely at the mercy of a human guide. The seasoned travellers will have no use for it, because they prefer to take their history from the accredited historians and to get such practical information as is indispensable for sight-seeing from a Joanne or a Baedeker, which leaves everything to the imagination and makes no pretence of providing intellectual companionship. The book is well made, as the Dent books usually are. It has a quiet cover, and can be carried in the pocket—two points of excellence which, in a guide-book, are not to be ignored.

There are few German theological treatises which are translated into English from more than one edition. Few, indeed, so richly deserve it as does Herrmann's "Verkehr des Christen mit Gött," which was translated from the second German edition in 1895, and now appears again in English dress altered and corrected from the fourth issue in German ("The Communion of the Christian with God. Described on the Basis of Luther's Statements," Putnams). The reputation of the book as on the whole the best exposition of the Ritschlian theology, also as the leading work of one of the most distinguished German teachers of Christian doctrine, a man of singular charm and unusual personal attractiveness, justifies the pains taken to keep it before English readers. The unfortunate divisions and paragraph headings of the earlier issue are discarded, and the author's summary has been followed. In the text there is greater conciseness and clearness, objections which have been raised by critics are answered, and endeavor is made to avoid further misunderstanding. Something of the appearance of exclusiveness or narrowness which was very marked in the earlier editions has been removed. In these days of confused religious thinking and talking, when everything under the sun that has an element of truth in it is claimed as a Christian doctrine, and any kind of piety is welcomed as Christian, especially if it sound a little new and strange and have the faculty of making noise, it may be doubted whether the voice of this German teacher of distinctively Christian piety will have much of a hearing. Herrmann does not enter the lists as a champion of the religious sentiment in general, but rather as a defender of one particular faith. He does not profess to have had the religious experiences of a Mohammedan or a Confucianist, and not having had their experiences he does not undertake to expound their doctrine. In his actual environment, however, he has met with realities which have produced religious convictions of a very definite sort, and these he endeavors to make clear. His book is an exposition of the Christian way unto God, the Christian method of coming to be somewhat at home among the mysteries of the universe and becoming reconciled to its tragedies. Whether it is good ecclesiastical statesmanship to lay claim to every truth in sight as Christian truth, and to herald Darwin and Huxley as Christian prophets, as the Dean of Ely has done of late, or, on the other hand, to be content with that which is historically Christian, must be determined by those who shape Church counsels. But the interests of clarity would be served by more general adoption of the method of Professor Herrmann. One cannot read this essay without remarking the influence it has exerted during the last twenty years. Scores of writers and preachers of influence, in England and Scotland especially, have found here their inspiration. Few will read it without desiring to antagonize at many points. It is now too orthodox, now too radical. But few who are interested in the high theme it handles will not be enkindled by it. It is a book which has entered into the life of our time, and its work has been in behalf of sincere piety and true devotion.

Frankfurt, Germany, still continues its policy of having "guest" conductors. The concerts of the coming season there will be presided over by Mottl, Mahler, Strauss, Nikisch, Steinbach, Toscanini, Mengelberg, Wolfrum, Henry Wood, and others.

Smetana's opera, "The Bartered Bride," had a festival performance at Prague recently to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of its original production there. Since that time it has been sung no less than 440 times. A work which has stood such a test surely deserves a hearing outside of Bohemia, too. The same may be said of Dvorák's opera, "Dimitrij," which has been sung so often that the scenery has had to be replaced by a new set.

Mascagni's successor at Pesaro, Amilcare Zanella, is also a composer, and like most modern writers, he belongs to the Liszt school, inasmuch as he composes symphonic poems. His "Faith" was produced at a recent concert by the Scala Orchestra in Milan, and was favorably received.

M. Messager, the well-known French composer and operatic manager, was asked the other day in London, whether he would recommend a subventioned opera house for that city; he replied, according to the London *Truth:* "Ah, ça non, par exemple! I should know something of the State-subventioned theatres. At our Opéra Comique in Paris, we receive 300,000 francs a year from the Government. Do you know what it costs us? Not less than 247,000 francs' worth of seats, which we have to give away every year to the *gens du Gouvernement;* and I assure you, they are our best seats."

Messager has written another opera, founded on Alfred de Musset's "Le Chandelier." It is to be produced next season at the Opéra Comique. That his operetta "Véronique," excellently produced in New York last season, was not more of a success, does not throw a favorable light on American taste in light music.

The Paris Grand Opéra has more than 1,200 persons on its regular payroll, while in addition to these there are hundreds more—painters, decorators, costumers, etc.—who draw their incomes indirectly from the same source. Hence, even the large subsidy of $160,000 a year hardly suffices at times to make both ends meet. The highest possible receipts for a single performance are $4,600, but that figure is rarely reached, the average being about $3,250; and as the cost of each performance works out at about $4,000, the necessity of a subvention is obvious. The musical staff of the opera comprises over 400 persons, including 50 soloists, 100 chorus singers, 100 orchestral players, 140 dancers, 3 orchestral conductors, 8 choral conductors, and an army of "supers"; nor is the administration staff less numerous.

Probably Julius Stockhausen, who celebrated his eightieth birthday on July 22, feels himself still a young man in view of the fact that his teacher, Manuel Garcia, died only a few weeks ago, aged one hundred and one. Stockhausen, though a German by descent, was born in Paris and got his education at the Conservatoire. His father was a harp virtuoso, his mother a favorite singer. Manuel Garcia taught him the art of the *bel canto,* and thereby did a good thing for Germany, where that art is not over-well known. Stockhausen sang at the Opéra Comique, Paris, in the years 1859 and 1860; the rest of his career was spent in Germany, where he became famous successively as a singer, conductor, and teacher. He had a fine voice, and what distinguished him from most of his colleagues was the exemplary distinctness of his enunciation. He was an admirable interpreter of the songs of Schubert, Beethoven, and Schumann in particular; also of the works of Bach and Handel. Richard Wagner offered him the position of head of the conservatory founded by him in Munich; but he was obliged to decline this honor, as he had just signed a contract to conduct the Singacademie and the Philharmonic concerts at Hamburg. Subsequently he conducted the Stern Choral Society in Berlin, producing some notable performances. In 1874 he went to Frankfurt and thenceforth devoted himself to teaching those principles of vocal art which came from the Italian Garcia, and fulfilled the ideal of the German Wagner. His "Gesangsunterrichtsmethode," the first edition of which was published in two volumes by Peters, Leipzig, in 1881, contains the results of his experiences of a lifetime as a student and teacher of singing.

PALESTINE EXPLORATION.

Researches in Sinai. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. With chapters by C. T. Currelly, M.A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

Chronologically this book is as bewildering as the old Egyptian records. The preface was written at University College, London, on no date. The expedition started from Suez on the 4th of December in no year. Future historians will find the same difficulty in dating Professor Petrie's expedition to Sinai which we now find in dating Egyptian expeditions of the fourth or twelfth dynasties, where the month and the day are often well established, but chronologists differ by 1,500 years or more as to the annual figure.

This work, as we understand it, is a preliminary and more general account of the expedition, the inscriptional results of which are to be published in full by the Egyptian Research Account, under the title, "The Egyptians in Sinai," with translations, notes, comments, plates of objects, and the like. What was accomplished by this really remarkable and most interesting expedition is summed up in a general way by Professor Petrie as: (1.) Putting in order the Egyptian inscriptions previously known from the Sinaitic peninsula and fixing their places and connections. Two or three hundred inscriptions have been drawn

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full size in fac-simile and many of them photographed. (2.) Determining the plan of the temple at Serabît and the restoration of the architectural details of the same. (3.) Making a topographical map of the district, with a record of the position and character of the mines. (4.) Discovering of a considerable mass of offerings. (5.) Reconstructing from the records the organization of Egyptian mining expeditions. (6.) Throwing light on the non-Egyptian ritual of the worship in Sinai (which Professor Petrie believes to have been Semitic, p. 223). We might add, although it is not mentioned by Mr. Petrie in this place, the discovery of some inscriptions in unknown characters, not hieroglyphic, and different from any characters heretofore found.

The first work of the expedition was done at the turquoise mines at Maghareh. From the outset, it would appear, copper chisels and other tools were used in working these mines. The earliest of the rock-cut inscriptions found at Maghareh is an inscription of Semerkhet, the seventh King of the first dynasty, "engraved on a smooth, natural face of the upper sandstone rock, at 394 feet above the valley floor" (p. 41). The earliest indications of the working of these mines belong, however, to a slightly later period, the time of the third dynasty; a sculpture of King Sa-nekht of that dynasty having been found over an early mine. Unfortunately, this tablet had been partly destroyed in later mining operations, but an admirable portrait of Sa-nekht is preserved, of which Mr. Petrie remarks that it is as strongly Ethiopic in character as the portrait of Shabaka of the twenty-fifth, Ethiopian, dynasty, and that it is a type familiar to-day among the Sudanese (he spells it "Sudanys") of the Egyptian army and police.

The principal work of the expedition and the most interesting was done at Serabît, of the mines in the neighborhood of which much less was known than of those at Maghareh. The point of special interest at Serabît is the temple of Hat-hor, mistress of turquoise, which was begun under Sneferu, the last king of the third dynasty. Sneferu's remarkably successful mining operations, it may be added, became a tradition of all succeeding ages, so that, for example, an official of the twelfth dynasty says, on a *stele* which he erects, that "he had obtained more turquoise than anyone since the time of Sneferu" (p. 96). Sneferu himself became an object of veneration and worship to succeeding ages of miners, so much the more, therefore, his temple to Hat-hor. The original shrine, and the shrine as Sneferu left it, was a cave. It was in the period of the twelfth dynasty, and particularly in the reign of Amenemhat III., that this cave was developed into a temple, by the erection of a portico before it and the provision of an approach marked by a row of *steles*. A second cave was also cut out at this period or earlier, side by side with the cave of Hat-hor, and dedicated to Sopdu, the god of the East.

With the eighteenth dynasty, and especially with Queen Hatshepsut and her nephew Tahutmes III., a new development of the temple commences, which is a most curious combination of Egyptian with non-Egyptian ideas and forms. A new line of approach was constructed, along which courts, chambers, and pylons were built, new chambers being added by successive monarchs, up to and including Sety I. In its final form the visitor was obliged to pass through fourteen chambers of various sizes (apparently roofed over, for the greater part, so as to have almost the form of a tunnel) before reaching the large open court of the temple. From this the sacred cave itself was separated by an inner court and a couple of porticoes. Although, as stated, Egyptian elements are marked in this construction, nevertheless it is clear, as Professor Petrie has pointed out, that in its origin this shrine and hence this worship were not Egyptian. Professor Petrie assumes that it represents the early Semitic worship on the ground: (1) that this region, in the historical period at least, was occupied by Semites; (2) that the immense amount of ashes over the whole space in front of the cave indicates sacrifice of a form which he supposes must be Semitic, chiefly because it is not Egyptian; (3) that small altars are found in the cave, apparently for the burning of incense, whereas the Egyptians burned incense not on altars but in shovels; (4) that there are provisions for ablution in the courts and chambers in the immediate neighborhood of the sacred cave, which he compares especially with the Moslem provision for ablution in the court or chamber called *hanafiyeh*. (In the plan of the temple he names the chambers provided for ablution *hanafiyeh* on account of this supposed similarity.) His argument is valid as showing that the temple is not Egyptian in origin and represents primarily a native, non-Egyptian cult; but he presents no real evidence that this cult was Semitic. In fact, at the date at which the worship of Hat-hor at Serabît began, the date of Sneferu's cave temple, it is now generally supposed that the Semites had not yet arrived in the land. The use of the cave as a shrine seems, it may be added, to suggest a connection with the primitive people who used caves for purposes of worship in Palestine, like those found by Macalister at Gezer, and who, as the excavations there conducted would seem to show, were not a Semitic, but a pre-Semitic population.

One chapter in this volume is entitled "The Revision of Chronology." We do not see that Mr. Petrie's discoveries in Sinai have thrown any new light on the chronological question. His discussion of the subject is really based on material previously discovered. The dates which he assigns from the 12th dynasty backward are, it should be added for the guidance of the unwary reader, about fifteen hundred years larger than those generally accepted at the present time.

It is inevitable that a traveller or explorer in Sinai should somewhere or other discuss the questions of the Exodus, and Mr. Petrie is no exception to this rule. His methods will prove startling, alike to the conservative literalist and the radical higher critic of the Old Testament. For instance, he assumes the census lists of the book of Numbers, as contained in the masoretic text of the Hebrew Bible, to be historically accurate (p. 209); but supposes that in the case of each tribe the thousands mean merely clans or tribal divisions, the hundreds giving the actual numerical figure. By thus eliminating the thousands he reduces the Israelite tribes from a couple of million to the reasonable figure of five or six thousand souls, which he says is about the present population of Sinai. While this is not likely to be taken seriously, it must be said that Prof. Petrie's little sketch of the history of Israel from a cultivated Egyptian's point of view, on pp. 221-222, is a very good condensed presentation of the subject.

The volume is admirably executed, with heavy paper and large, clear type, and is also abundantly illustrated. There are 186 half-tone prints from photographs and four maps. By means of the illustrations, in connection with the text, one obtains an admirable view of the rock formation of Sinai, the character of the country, the vegetation, the appearance of the ruins, the objects found, etc. Perhaps the most interesting of all the illustrations is the head of the statue of Queen Thyi, the famous wife of Amenhotep III. of the eighteenth dynasty. This is, as Mr. Petrie points out, the best portrait head of this most interesting woman so far discovered, and it presents a fascinating personality.

Mr. Petrie found that a vandal mining company, organized some time since for the exploitation of the ancient turquoise mines, had destroyed in the most wanton and reckless manner, by blasting, numbers of the inscriptions cut in the rock and of the *steles*. They had also taught the natives how to blast, and it seemed likely that before many years absolutely none of these ancient ruins would remain intact. On Mr. Petrie's representations, his associate, Mr. Currelly, was commissioned by the Egyptian Government to cut out all the rock inscriptions which were accessible, and these pieces have now been transferred to the museum at Cairo as the only means of preserving them. In some chapters added to this volume Mr. Currelly gives an account of the supplementary expedition to Sinai which he undertook for the purpose of removing these inscriptions.

AN OLD-FASHIONED SINGING TEACHER

Observations on the Florid Song. By Pier. Francesco Tosi. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75 net.

Alas for the good old times in music, the golden age of song! Things have come to a pretty pass, indeed, when one of the leading vocal teachers is constrained to tell us that "the good taste is near lost, and the profession is going to ruin"; that some vocalists "scream like a hen when she is laying her egg"; that the singers, particularly the Italians, neglect true study, sacrifice beauty of voice to a number of ill-regulated volubilities, and neglect the pronunciation and expression of words; that, as for the recitative, some overdo it and make it barking, some speak it and some hiss it, some hallow, bellow, and sing it out of tune; that there is a scarcity of the best singers and a swarm of the worst; that persons "who never sang nor knew how to sing pretend not only to teach but to perfect, and find some that are weak enough to be imposed on"; that the churchmen usually choose not the best but the biggest voices; and finally:

Italy hears no more such exquisite Voices as in Times past, particularly among the Women, and to the Shame of the Guilty

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I'll tell the Reason: The Ignorance of Parents does not let them perceive the Badness of the Voice of their children, as their Necessity makes them believe, that to sing and grow rich is one and the same Thing, and to learn *Musick*, it is enough to have a pretty Face: *"Can you make anything of her?"*

A sad arraignment, forsooth! The one consolation is that it was written in the year 1723, in that very golden age of the *bel canto*, with which modern ignoramuses and charlatans are continually and lugubriously contrasting our own age! The strictures on Italian singers, teachers, and pupils summarized in the preceding paragraph may be found, at greater length, on pp. xi., 15, 69, 141, 159, 166, of Tosi's "Observations on the Florid Song." Pier Francesco Tosi, who was born in 1647 at Bologna, was for a time a singer, and subsequently went to London where he became one of the most famous teachers of his time. His treatise, "Opinioni de' cantori antichi e moderni o sieno osservazioni sopra il canto figorato," was translated by Gilliard into English in 1742; a German version followed in 1759; a French, in 1874. It was a happy thought on the part of William Reeves of London to bring out a reprint of the second edition, as the book is a clear mirror of the musical world of the time. Tosi had spent much of his life in travelling, and he was therefore familiar with the vocal situation in the leading European countries. The object of his book is, in his own words, in the first place, "to shew the Duty of a Master, how to instruct a Beginner well; secondly, what is required of the Scholar; and, lastly, with more mature Reflections, to point out the way to a moderate Singer, by which he may arrive at greater Perfection."

It is to be feared that if a "moderate singer" of our time were to try to attain "perfection" by taking this book as a guide, he would not get very far toward mastering the vocal styles now in vogue—the styles of Verdi, Puccini, Gounod, Bizet, and Wagner. To Tosi, as to his contemporaries, the chief charm of singing lay in the abundant ornaments with which all the airs were then decked out, and which the modern composers of all countries have entirely discarded. Chapter X. begins with the admonition that "passages or graces being the principal Ornaments in Singing, and the most favorite Delight of the Judicious, it is proper that the Singer be very attentive to learn this Art." He admits that there may be too great an abundance of ornaments, yet considers that better than a deficiency; wherein, again, he is a child of his time. He devotes chapters to the various kinds of shakes and "graces." He waxes indignant at his countrymen for allowing the impudent "Composers in the new Stile" to write their own ornaments instead of leaving them to the discretion of the singers. "Poor *Italy!*" he exclaims; "pray tell me; do not singers nowadays know where the *Appoggiatura's* are to be made, unless they are pointed at with a Finger? . . . Eternal Shame to him who first introduced these foreign Puerilities into our Nation. . . . Let us imitate the Foreigners in those Things only, wherein they excel." On another page he says: "If, out of particular Indulgence to the sex, so many female Singers have the Graces set down in Writing, one that studies to become a good Singer should not follow the Example."

While thus the bulk of Tosi's volume has merely an historic interest, there is nevertheless a good deal that is of value even to present-day students. Despite his preference for the florid side of singing, our author knows the difference between mere virtuosity and true art. He understands that every instrument has graces peculiar to itself, and that it is a great mistake for singers to copy the tricks practised on violins, oboes, or other instruments. He realizes the truth of what Mozart once wrote to his father: "It is much easier to play rapidly than slowly; you can drop a few notes in passages without any one noticing it." Tosi, whose book appeared thirty-three years before Mozart was born, blames the singers of his time for praising the "Pathetick," or slow music, yet singing the Allegro. "He must want common sense that does not see through them. They know the first to be the most Excellent, but they lay it aside, Knowing it to be the most difficult."

About this neglect of the Pathetick and Expression in music in his times (the good old times!) Tosi is perpetually wailing. The singers, he declares, are always "running Post," always galloping with the airs; the much-longed-for adagio never comes, and why not? Because "the grand *Mode*" demands of the singer "that he be quick, and ready to burst himself in his lamentations, and weep with Liveliness"—which reads almost like Wagner or Donizetti! Gluck, too, is anticipated by Tosi, who resents the intolerable presumption of those singers who expect a whole orchestra to stop for their ill-grounded caprices, that tickle the ears of the groundlings.

Scattered through Tosi's pages are a number of rules for singers and aphorisms which bear further witness to his common sense and his good taste in everything excepting his penchant for ornaments. To cite a few: he advises singers not always to practise on one vowel; to guard against "fluttering" of the voice; not to hold the music paper before the face in singing; to sing standing; to study with the mind when the voice is tired; to neglect no opportunity to hear great vocalists; to sing before a mirror; to continue their studies as much to maintain their reputation as they did to acquire it. "Whoever does not aspire to the first Rank, begins already to give up the second, and by little and little will rest contented with the lowest." "One who thinks on nothing but Gain, is in the ready way to remain ignorant." He finds a use for the critics: "for, the more intent they are to discover Defects, the greater Benefit may be receiv'd from them without any Obligation." Most singers will agree with him that it is well often to change cities lest they get too good an opinion of themselves; but how about his advice that "the best Time for Study is with the rising of the Sun"? And will theatre folk agree with his assertion that it is "much more difficult to sing well than to act well"? On that subject it would be interesting to collate the opinions of great opera singers, the only ones qualified to speak authoritatively.

The History of Coöperation. By George Jacob Holyoake. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $5 net.

Coöperation has been sidetracked. Capitalism and militant trades unionism have the field to themselves, and treat as armed antagonists, not as allies. The latest edition of Mr. Holyoake's well-known history of the coöperative movement is therefore the history of a lost cause—a verdict attested by the slender sheaf of pages which recounts its progress since 1876. Except for these few pages (615-678) which constitute Part III. of the second volume, the present edition is practically a reprint. It is rather curious that the original chapter on "American Societies" has been pared down a little, and that the only new item is a comment of four lines upon the profit-sharing ventures of N. O. Nelson.

But if coöperation is a lost cause, it has at least had the good fortune to have its definitive history written by one of its own patriarchs. Indeed, his interest in the cause was widely commented on at the time of his death. Had it not been for Mr. Holyoake, many of the most interesting phases of its early progress would, in all probability, have fallen into oblivion. At its inception it had a broader impulse than most would imagine to-day. Coöperators were at the outset inspired by Robert Owen's achievements, and also somewhat nebulously by his social philosophy. This was enough to bring them under the suspicion, censure, and actual persecution of the intolerant, particularly of the clergy. In a way the early coöperative movement was a crusade for the right of free speech and a free platform. Coöperators were often forced into an alliance with various types of anti-clericals—an alliance explained by their confronting a common enemy. These "small centres of social life," as Holyoake calls the coöperative nuclei, believed themselves in possession of a secret that was to transform society, and on a small scale were inebriated with an optimism like that of the early French Revolution. Thus something of the bracing stimulus of founding a new sect and spreading a new gospel attached to the early spread of the movement.

But the success of Robert Owen's industrial paternalism, as our author admits, would eventually have stood an isolated monument of a successful coöperative organization, "if the sagacious men of Rochdale had not discovered the method of feeding it on profits" (vol. I., p. 264). But while coöperative shop-keeping kept cooperation alive, it was not calculated to sustain the lofty idealism of the early propaganda. Instead of renovating society, coöperation found its homely task in enabling an occasional family of uncommon thrift to save a half-penny daily in buying soap and candles. This is not much, viewed from one point of view. It is far from allaying forever the clash of opposed industrial interests. But it is something, and apparently something permanent.

The economic historian, when he makes his final estimate of coöperation, will have to explain why the general project of reconciling employers and workmen was so warmly received by statesmen, and economists, and why so few of the hopes raised by the system have been realized. John Stuart Mill, it will be remembered,

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bestowed his benediction on coöperation, and Lord Derby pronounced it the "best, the surest remedy for that antagonism of labor and capital" which has so long vexed students of society. The secret of Mill's adherence lay probably in the fact that cooperation made an appeal not only to altruistic motives, but also to self-interest. Its alluring paradox was that by consulting our neighbor's economic interests, we were most likely to further our own. It seemed to make the quest of industrial virtue easy, by intimating that happiness was the invariable attendant. Thus the miracle of transmuting leaden motives into golden conduct was to be attained.

The failure of coöperation to secure and guarantee industrial peace has often been well elucidated, but by no one more penetratingly than by Holyoake. He admits and bewails the fact that "the working class are apt to fix all salaries at the workshop rate, and begrudge every sixpence over that." . . . "For a man's brains, devotion, interest, and experience they award nothing willingly" (vol. ii., p. 340). It would appear also that "false brethren" have entered even into the coöperative fold. "The table opposite, of 29 of the chief [coöperative] stores, shows that 21 do not understand that participation [of profits with employees] is a cardinal principle of coöperation" (vol. ii., p. 634).

Apparently, there has been of late difficulty experienced in keeping the simon-pure article free of trades-unionism and Socialism. Holyoake will have none of either. "A man being a unionist is small guarantee to any one that he will not scamp his work or do the least for the most he can get" (vol. ii., p. 435). As to Socialism, Holyoake insists that conceivably "Socialism may be better than Co-operation, but it is not the same." Self-help and individual effort are essential to orthodox coöperation. "Coöperation may mitigate reckless competition, but it does not destroy competition itself" (vol. ii., p. 674).

Holyoake is not unaware that the tide is running strongly against him, but he has experienced enough of the world's buffets to preserve a philosophic temper, and to write the history of his cause without losing his sense of humor. In recounting the early propaganda, he slyly hints at his personal disrelish for some of the lean platform prophetesses, "learned in all the 'ologies and destitute of hips." He records for us with admirable philosophy that "obesity has weight in more senses than one. A fat look is imposing. . . . An attenuated visage always seems illogical to the multitude, while a mellow voice rolls over an audience like a conclusive sequence." Of the many early propagandist organs, he remarks: "It comes to pass that journals written by charity come to be read only by charity." And again he says, half prophetically, it may be, of his own pet scheme of social salvation, "Only theorists talk of truth being immortal. I have seen it put to death many times." With so genial an historian, no one will willingly quarrel.

The Maker of Modern Mexico: Porfirio Diaz. By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie. New York: John Lane Co. $5.00 net.

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie has, no doubt, enjoyed exceptionally good introduction to the official society of Mexico, and has thus seen more of the quiet and exclusive social circles of that capital than is given to most foreign residents. On this side of Mexican life (which touches not at all the life of the great mass of the people), she is qualified to write entertainingly; and some of her verbal snapshots of travel in the country are of interest—though one often has to lament the "perfectly lovely" style of description and other perversions of the English language. But she is not at all qualified in the history of the country; she is entirely outside of her proper field when it come to things economic and political, and no reader should pick up this book who desires a logical, intelligent account of the development of Mexico in the past quarter-century. He will run into descriptions of the costumes worn by the diplomatic corps just when he is expecting to learn how, in 1904, Diaz re-elected himself and nominated a vice-president to be in training as his successor. Instead of any clear presentation of the reactionism which the Mexican leaders of "the Reform" sought to extirpate, he will find the situation thus summed up: "The whole country was devout and the priestly power immense." To be told, with endless repetitions, that Diaz "rebuilt" Mexico gives us no explanation of his actual achievements, while sadly exaggerating his part. It is neither a real Mexico nor a real Diaz which is set before us.

As for Diaz, she is not content with describing him as the only man in Mexico, one who made that nation "out of chaos, alone and unaided." Our woman traveller's hero—who talked with her just as though he were an ordinary mortal—must be "the most marvelous man of the age," and "the greatest figure of modern history." She admits that "of course, there were other great men in the nineteenth century, men such as Bismarck, or, of humbler origin, Garibaldi, or Abraham Lincoln," but "none of them retained the head of affairs of state for well-nigh thirty years." This sort of adulation of Diaz, for which there is some excuse in Mexico, has been made the fashion in our English speaking countries by whilom journalists and makers of journalistic books who spend a few weeks or a few months in Mexico, speak and read little or no Spanish, and hear only such Mexican opinion on political affairs as is expressed conventionally or through the subsidized press (both in Spanish and English) of the capital. It has become part of the creed of American editors, apparently, that Diaz has achieved the regeneration of Mexico unaided, and that he is the model of a perfect ruler presiding over a most efficient government. Another prevalent American idea is that Mexico is in danger of revolution at any time.

Now, these two ideas are incompatible, and, as we might expect, neither is true, at least in the accepted form. Mexico is far from being in all ways efficiently governed, in some respects is not always intelligently governed, and its local administration is by no means free from corruption and jobbery; while the central administration is certainly susceptible to "influence." And, though very great progress has been achieved during the Diaz régime, Diaz himself is by no means entitled to all the credit. The one great thing he is primarily responsible for—he, the rough-and-ready soldier—is the bringing of order out of disorder. Upon that has the structure been built. Order restored, railroads could be built, agriculture and mining were fostered, and modern industrial enterprises for the first time began to spring up. These things—indeed, the railroads and the telegraph alone—have made "pronouncements" and "plans", and all the old formula of revolutions, impossible in practice. At the same time, the modern development has turned the people away from all such movements; all the new internal property interests, besides the foreign capital invested, would be sternly set against political revolution.

On the other hand, instead of the journalistic tradition about Diaz as the perfect ruler, it is time we heard something, about the real social and intellectual progress that is taking place in Mexico, largely apart from governmental circles or governmental activity. We need to be told, that is, of the new middle class, steadily, if slowly, growing up as a result of the new industrial opportunities, bearing with it the hope of the Mexico of to-morrow—and also, be it said, growing more and more dissatisfied with Diaz in his old age. These men will not be heard through the columns of a throttled or subsidized national press; they form no part, as a rule, of the little bands of sycophantic officeholders in each state capital; they are not tied to the past by the possession of landed property and its privileges (a sanctity the Diaz régime has not yet dared invade by just taxation measures), nor by subservience to a generally ignorant and reactionary clergy, to whose wishes Diaz is each year yielding a little more easily.

The French Blood in America. By Lucian J. Fosdick. New York: The Revell Co. $2 net.

This is a book which can be neither praised nor condemned without considerable reservations. From the bare title one might reasonably infer that the names of Hébert and D'Iberville, of Papineau and Lafontaine, would figure in Mr. Fosdick's narrative. But as a matter of fact they do not appear at all. "America" is here used in its political rather than in its geographical sense, and the French whose fortunes furnish the volume with its theme are the Huguenots. Thus the *seigneurs* and *habitants* of Canada, doomed as they are to the superstitions and ignorance of Catholicism, remain outside the charmed circle of Mr. Fosdick's panegyric. This circle, however, is wide enough to include Joan of Arc, with a whole chapter on whom the volume opens. Hallowed officially by the Roman Church, the Maid of Orleans might seem to stand rather remote from the Huguenots in both time and temperament. After portraying her as an incarnation of "the French spirit," Mr. Fosdick observes: "It is in view of all the facts that Joan of Arc is called a genuine Protestant martyr, although the term Protestant had not then come into use." We cannot stop to argue the point, but simply cite this sentence for the sake of disclosing our au-

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thor's frame of mind. One who can see a Protestant in Joan of Arc would seem not to be well informed about her type of faith as witnessed by the evidence she gave at Rouen, or else to be beset by strong prepossessions.

We have said that the present work cannot receive unqualified praise. To be more explicit, Mr. Fosdick appears to have no sense whatever of historical objectivity. We would avoid stating that the historian must maintain the tone of the dictionary, but even where he has strong convictions, he will do well to discard the obsolete tactics of passing over all the facts which an opponent would array. Mr. Fosdick writes about the Roman Church in the tone of George Borrow or of the late Father Chiniquy. This may be all very well in its place, but the candid critic must point out that unstinted praise of the Huguenots and equally unstinted condemnation of the Romanists will not pass muster for an adequate account of the later Valois period. As for general historical judgments, we may quote the following dictum of Mr. Fosdick: "The French Revolution was the ultimate result of the Roman Catholic effort to crush out Protestantism in France." The same disposition to dogmatize pervades the passage in which Mr. Fosdick ascribes to the Huguenots such radical differences as mark off the New Englander from the Englishman. But did not much larger numbers of Huguenots settle in England than in New England?

Apart from its anxiety to prove too much this book is a useful recapitulation of what has been accomplished in the United States by people of French Protestant origin. The Bowdoins, Reveres, Faneuils, Bayards, Le Contes, and Danas are not to be passed over in any sketch of American ethnology, and Mr. Fosdick has laid full stress upon their merits. Aside from a certain note of exaggeration, especially where there is a chance to laud "the Protestantism of the Protestant religion," we have little to find fault with. Mr. Fosdick brings together much interesting information about the chief Huguenot families in America, and presents it clearly.

Panama: The Isthmus and the Canal. By C. H. Forbes-Lindsay. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. $1.00.

There is need for a good book on Panama just now when the type of the canal has been decided upon and work has begun in earnest, but Mr. Forbes-Lindsay does not quite fill the want. His book appears to have been mostly written last autumn, since when a great deal of water has passed under the Chagres bridge. Attempts have been made here and there to bring it up-to-date, but the effect is to make the work incoherent. For example, on page 199 he says: "At the present time it is impossible to tell what may be the outcome of the report of the advisory board," and "it is probable that the President will formally submit the report of the board to Congress." Then on the next page the tense is mysteriously changed from future to past; he tells us when the report was submitted, and what was done with it, and proceeds to discuss its contents at length. This discussion of the relative advantages of the sea-level *versus* the lock canal is now happily of historic value only, since Congress has chosen the latter type of canal, and we hope we shall have a chance within the next ten years or so of finding out whether Mr. Forbes-Lindsay is right in his earnest advocacy of this same type. The question has been argued by engineers of all countries for over thirty years without coming any nearer to an agreement.

Mr. Forbes-Lindsay has done a service in bringing together in one small volume a large amount of material hitherto scattered through the American public documents and French company reports. He begins with the romantic history of the Isthmus when the city of Panama was one of the richest and most luxurious cities of the New World, being the channel through which flowed the tribute to the King of Spain from his empire on the Pacific. Its wealth and strategic position made it the centre of the strife between Spain and England for the supremacy of the seas, and the Isthmus was raided by privateers and buccaneers, until finally, in 1671, the old city of Panama was sacked and burned by Morgan, and the new city built and fortified on its present site.

The book also gives some interesting figures in regard to the operations of the De Lesseps Company and traces the history of the canal under the receivership, the New Canal Company, and the present commission. An appendix contains an abstract of the Government report on the great canals of the world. There is a good map and profile of the canal as authorized by Congress, and a number of half-tones of Panama scenes.

The text is constructed by compilation and quotation. The author takes his data wherever he finds them without attempting to criticise or harmonize. He glosses over the bungling and mismanagement of the first year of our control and accepts in general the statements of the official apologists of the Administration. Such an unqualified and indiscriminating eulogy as the following is of no value for an understanding of the real situation:

> The commission has observed strict business principles in all these purchases. . . . There have been mistakes, of course, but no blunders. Errors in judgment and miscalculations have been quickly recognized and rectified. Not a justifiable suspicion of graft has been connected with the operation since it came into American hands. Influence and favoritism have been singularly absent from the appointments.

Mr. Forbes-Lindsay has visited the Isthmus, but there is nothing in his book to indicate a first hand acquaintance with the scenes and events he describes. It could just as well have been written from Washington. We are glad to see that he uses the adjective "Panaman," in accordance with the constitution of the country, instead of the unwarranted "Panamanian" to which President Roosevelt has given the weight of his authority.

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Brady, Cyrus Townsend, and Edward Peple. Richard the Brazen. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50.
Bryan, William Jennings. Letters to a Chinese Official. McClure, Phillips & Co.
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